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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

### THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE Republican nominations at Chicago have been received by the various wings of the party and in all sections of the country with great enthusiasm. Neither Radicals nor Moderates have found anything flagrantly offensive in the Resolutions, which may be said at the first blush to be obnoxious to nothing except the rules of good taste and of English grammar. The draught is in fact remarkable for a curious blending of adroitness and coarseness, neither of which was likely without close examination to be disagreeable to the masses who were invited to swallow it. Nominations and resolutions together have therefore been accepted with great good-will, and indeed with a show of heartiness and unanimity strongly significant of probable success. The two great divisions of the Republican Party, so far as we may trust their acknowledged spokesmen, are abundantly satisfied with their ticket, and even neutral or non-political journals have been so swept from their legs by the wave of popular gratification as to share in the excitement and to give forth shouts of sympathy with the general joy.

All this is proper, reasonable, and to be expected. It was the business of the Convention to make nominations which the recent quarrels and dangers of their party had rendered indispensable to success, and to frame a platform of such apparent width and stability as to promise footing for all who could be persuaded to trust themselves upon it. The nominations are undoubtedly very strong. If the resolutions were equally so, success might be pronounced absolutely certain; and even as it is the confidence so universally expressed by the Republicans has much to justify it. That confidence itself affords no inconsiderable assurance of victory; since in every community the numbers who will not or cannot think for themselves and the numbers who, regardless of principles, love to be on the winning side, are sure to be attracted to the standard which seems most popular, and so is most likely to carry the day.

To the impartial observer there appears, therefore, at this moment, no doubt whatever that if the present ostensible accord of the different branches of the Republican Party can be maintained for five months, and if they can be brought compactly to bear in November, the election of their candidates is a certainty. The collective strength of those branches is undeniable; their cordial unanimity is, for the time, equally so; and their triumph can only be prevented by possible divisions which their leaders may or may not have the sagacity to avert. The seeds of such divisions, although covered over with no little cleverness, indubitably and unavoidably lie in the Chicago Resolutions. Whether they can be prevented from maturing remains to be seen. If it can be shown by a logical interpretation that some of these resolutions embody views directly repugnant to moderate Republicans, and that others embody views equally objectionable to thorough-going Radicals, the difficulty of preserving harmony will become very great. And if, as many contend, the difference between Union Democrats and Moderate Republicans is essentially less than the difference between the latter and the Radicals of their own party, the anomalousness in question will become very threatening.

All this, of course, was thought of in drawing the resolutions, but we fear the event will prove it was not thought of enough. A very delicate and responsible task has been performed, as we have said, with some adroitness and some clumsiness; the latter phrase referring not to style alone but to substance. The first resolution is a generality suggesting no comment, other than its diction is bungling and inaccurate, without offering the dubious advantage supplied by some of its companions, of confusing thought as to its meaning. The second section refers to negro suffrage, and avows, with perhaps expedient circum-

locution, a principle specifically antagonistic to the Constitution and generally incompatible with free government. As an experienced thinker of the Republican party has already affirmed, "it declares that in one part of the country, where colored suffrage is likely to prove ruinous, it may be established and enforced by superior power; and in another, where such suffrage would be too inconsiderable to be noticed, it leaves it to the decision of the people, who have already declared against it."

Mr. Sumner's plan of uniformity, and Mr. Stevens's proposal to guarantee to the Northern States a republican form of government, are thus alike contemptuously ignored, although their partisans are judiciously propitiated. The third section, while denouncing in commendable terms "all forms of repudiation," goes on to declare that the public indebtedness should be discharged "not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted." Here the adroitness comes in, and possibly there was no help for it; for since one portion of the Republican Party claims that, according to that spirit and letter, the bonds should be paid in gold, and another portion of that party claims that they should be paid in paper, since to declare them payable in gold would alienate the West and to declare them payable in paper would alienate the East, the alternative was presented of either saying something that meant nothing or of saying nothing that might mean anything; and the former was selected as wisest.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sections affirm in general terms the propriety of equalizing taxation, and of lowering it as rapidly as possible, of reducing by honest means the interest of the national debt and, to that end, of improving our credit with capitalists so that they will "loan" us money at lower rates, of administering the government with the strictest economy, and of getting rid of the "corruptions which have been nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson," which "call loudly for reform." As regards these sections we can scarcely do better than to quote another Republican authority, *The New York Times*, which refers to them as follows:

"Declarations in favor of a rapid reduction of taxation and the strictest economy in the administration of the government are unassailable and abstract propositions. Every man not fed at the public expense will hold up both hands for them. But a Republican Convention in 1868 ought to have been able to present something more effective than promises. The party has been in power long enough to have gathered a rich store of performances. It should have been able to go before the country with a record of services rendered in regard both to retrenchment and taxation. The public purse has been for years altogether in its hands. It has had exclusive management of the appropriations and exclusive power over the forms and amount of taxation. How happens it, then, that in a platform intended to set forth its claims to continued confidence, it has nothing better to offer than resolves in favor of reforms which it has obstinately and culpably neglected? Why is it that no serious attempt has been made to enforce even moderate economy, and that, in consequence, the abolition of taxes must be followed by their reimposition or by a large addition to the debt? These are weak spots in the party's record. They are a condemnation of its recent Congressional career, and a sorry exemplification of its fidelity and capacity in fiscal and financial affairs." This condemnation is severe, but there are few who will say that it is not just. There is something almost ludicrous in resolutions like these, emanating as they do from a party which, through its enormous Congressional majority, has so long dictated every appropriation, including those for the Freedman's Bureau, and for an army costing a hundred millions a year, the necessity for which arises in a great degree from its own peculiar policy of enforcing Negro Suffrage.

The eighth section commits the extraordinary blunder of reaffirming and theoretically forcing down the popular throat a measure which a Republican Senate in its constitutional capacity, and after mature deliberation, had just condemned. Republicans very naturally resent the insinuation of their opponents, that they are ready to override law to compass party ends; yet if this section means anything, it means nothing less; and the temporary benefit to be derived from soothing irritated Radical feeling will scarcely prove a compensation for the disadvantage of justifying a charge intrinsically damaging, but hitherto without such palpable foundation. The four remaining sections, asserting the rights of naturalized citizens, recognizing the claims on the country of soldiers and sailors who served in the late war, together with those of their widows and orphans, urging the encouragement of emigration, and expressing sympathy with all oppressed peoples struggling for their rights, are not of a character to elicit local political dissent, although put together, as might be expected and as is admissible enough, with a thrifty eye to political effect.

What the Chicago Resolutions do *not* say is, at least, as significant as what they do say. For the first time, we believe, in the history of such conventions, since its adoption, no reference was herein made to the Federal Constitution. There was no expression of faith in, or reverence for, that instrument. Its very name appears to have been carefully omitted; the word only occurring in connection with the new "state constitutions," and in the complaint of section eighth, that Andrew Johnson "has denounced the national legislature as unconstitutional"—implying a recognition of the phrase as one of abuse, if not of its value otherwise. Nor does there occur any reference to protection or free trade, or to tariffs, whether for the encouragement of home manufactures or for the sake of revenue. Neither old principles, such as that which denounces taxation save as connected with representation, nor new ones, such as that which aims at the representation of minorities, are here alluded to. There is not the least evidence of advanced statesmanship, of being abreast of the best political thought of the age either in Europe or America, not even, interwoven with the result of the collective intelligence of these six hundred and fifty chosen delegates of a great party, the signs of well-bred or magnanimous feeling. The platform is a party one, eschewing all lights, old or new, save such as may help it shape its course to a party success. It seeks to unite incongruous elements on a basis of ambiguous expressions, depending in the last resort upon the strength of its representatives rather than on that of its principles. It sustains its own peculiar *deus ex machina* of republicanism, with his spear pointing toward the South, and upholding his shield with a gold side toward the East, and a paper side toward the West. The device may be discovered and laughed at by some, it is true, but on the whole it will have its effect. The more sincere and conscientious members of the two wings of the party whose weakening dissensions compelled the selection, at Chicago, of the strongest available leader for their common host, may decline to march under him in the hour of battle. Yet all this likewise has been calculated upon, and the towering reputation of Grant, as the second saviour of his country, is implicitly trusted to pull things through.

Five months may bring about much that is now unforeseen; but the trust of the Republicans, assuredly, rests upon a solid foundation. Whom the Democrats may select in July as their standard-bearer is as uncertain as ever; but whatsoever their platform may be—and it may well be more straightforward, more courageous, and more national than that of their opponents—the stubborn fact remains that they have no powerful, available *man*, none, at least, whose name has yet been seriously considered, to match against General Grant for the Presidency. There is every appearance, in its tangible result, of a repetition of the McClellan campaign of 1864. To do better than they then did, the Democrats must work much harder; must develop resources and expedients untried before; must gain the aid of brains and sympathies not yet marshalled in their service; and, above all, must avoid the fatal mistake of depending overmuch upon "reaction." Without great efforts and thorough organization on their part, there is such a possibility as counter-reaction, and of the ball rolling the other way. It is not by folding their hands and trusting to a revulsion against fanaticism and a new birth of devotion to the Constitution that the Democrats can hope to defeat Grant and Colfax. We are little impressed by the fanfaronades of trumpets and the salvos of artillery; less affected, perhaps, than many others by "the noise of the captains and the shouting" with which the news of the Chicago nominations has been so generally received, and know that something more than this is needful to elect a President; yet unless the Democracy intend their own nominations to be mere formal compliments and their platform to be a mere empty expression of opinions, they must look wisely and well to their ways and means, and to the time which is now left wherein to dispose them.

### THE STRIKE AT WIGAN.

THE formidable strike at Wigan, in England, has been brought to a close by the circumstance that those among the men who were foremost in



intimidating others who desired to work have carried their violence so far as to incur a heavy legal penalty.

The strike has lasted three months, and this is what it has cost: In the first place, the men are returning to work on the wages against which they originally struck, for the simple reason that no higher can at present be paid; then they have expended the entire fund of their union—their chief resource in sickness or age—a sum of from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds. These men work generally four and a half days per week, half of Saturday being given to them, and they taking Monday themselves—a circumstance not always taken into account when the weekly wages of English and American workmen are compared—but the wages they have foregone amount for the twenty thousand men in the twelve weeks to at least two hundred and forty thousand pounds. Then comes the loss of the employers, and that which has been inflicted on other trades by the scarcity of coal caused by the strike—does Pennsylvania ever reflect on that?—and society finds itself the loser by about half a million sterling in consequence of one strike in one trade.

This is war—social war, with extenuation or compensation, and it is probable that the example of Belgium and France on the one hand, and the wholesome pressure of necessity on the other, will soon force the English to find some means of ending so wretched a state of things. In Belgium they maintain a sort of court of arbitration called the *conseils de Prud'hommes*, and public attention in England is now being directed toward a system which has been adopted in the hosiery trade at Nottingham. Seven employers, elected by the manufacturers, with seven workmen, elected by the men, constitute the "wages council," having for its president a manufacturer chosen from the seven representatives of capital by the men, and as vice-president a workman chosen from the seven representatives of labor by the manufacturers. The Nottingham hosiery trade was, of all others, most subject to strikes; but since the establishment of this system, in the year 1860, there has not occurred one. It is exceedingly curious to see a complicated system of election and re-election, a device which formed the very core of the wise and able government of Venice, brought into use at the present day.

#### NATIONAL LIABILITIES AND RESOURCES.

FROM several causes there has been a large falling off in the revenues during the last year. The repeal of the tax upon manufactured articles, the failure to collect the whiskey tax, the depression of mercantile business, and the large decrease in our exports because of the failure of crops, have all contributed to this result. So great is the reduction in the revenue that politicians treat the problem of meeting the expenses of the government and the interest upon our debt as one involved in considerable doubt, and they are looking many ways for a solution. If ours was an old country, whose progress for a thousand years had reached the limit of population and development, there might be some difficulty in discovering the means of creating new wealth to meet the emergency. But in a country so young and vast and fertile, abounding in resources of every description, so favorably located on the map of the world, and inhabited by a people so intelligent and energetic, the remedy to be applied is of a simple nature. We have only to will the further development of national wealth to have it spring into existence. The building of a thousand miles of railroad through fertile lands in a genial climate will develop the cultivation of millions of acres now lying wild, and their crops of cotton, rice, tobacco, wheat, and corn will be so much gain to the tax-bearing wealth of the country, giving activity to shipping by increasing the exports, and stimulating home manufactures by cheapening the cost of living and so cheapening labor.

It is a truth no longer open to question that the wealth and prosperity of a nation, her home manufactures and her foreign exports, are in exact ratio to the proportion which her railway lines bear to her geographical surface. Some valuable statements on this subject we find in a paper read before the Statistical Society of London by Mr. R. W. Baxter. In 1850, he says, the miles of railway in England were

10,733, while the exports and imports were £171,800,000; in 1855 the miles of railway had increased to 12,334, and the exports and imports had risen to £260,234,000; in 1865 the railway lines had grown to 17,289 miles, and the exports and imports amounted to £490,000,000; thus showing that the growth of business, wealth, and revenues of the country followed steadily the growth in railroads. And the writer adds: "I claim it as an axiom that the commerce of a country increases in direct proportion with the improvement of its railway system, and that railway development is one of the most powerful and evident causes of the increase of commerce." But the British government gave a more palpable proof of the truth of this axiom by the system inaugurated by Lord Dalhousie in India. Our civil war having destroyed the production of cotton in this country for the time being, the English manufacturers, for want of the raw material, were obliged to stop their mills, discharge their operatives, and cease that production in which so large an amount was employed and from which arose so great a proportion of the national wealth. A severe shock was given to the finances, and a large number of people were thrown out of employment and threatened with starvation. In this crisis the statesmen of Great Britain with wisdom and forecast turned to their East Indian possessions for relief. To develop the production of cotton and other staple articles they determined on building in that country 4,600 miles of railway at an estimated expense of \$440,000,000. The credit of the imperial government was granted to private companies to effect this object; railway communications were established between Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, the three great centres of military and commercial power; and thus were developed vast agricultural and producing districts. The East India Railway Company is now operating a road 1,310 miles long, constructed at an expense of \$100,000,000; the Great Indian Peninsular Company has a road 1,233 miles long; while the road from Calcutta to Bombay traverses a distance of 1,458 miles. The branch lines connecting with these main stems are of great extent, and have cost as much money as the main roads. The result of this policy is that England has become our rival in the production of our most valuable staple, taking from us that ascendancy which we formerly had in the cotton markets of the world, while she has given a development to her vast colonial possessions in India of which the value can scarcely be computed. And we, to maintain the position even of her rival, must follow her footsteps in the great race of national railroad development.

According to Mr. Baxter, the experience of France is equally significant: "In 1852 the Emperor took French railways in hand, and, by a system of great wisdom, singularly adapted to the French people, he launched into a bold course of railway development. The French public shrank from shares without a guaranty. He gave a state guaranty of four or five per cent. interest. The French public preferred debentures to shares. He authorized an enormous issue of debentures. The companies complained of the shortness of their concessions. He prolonged them to a uniform period of ninety-nine years, and lastly, coming to the conclusion that small companies were weak and useless, he amalgamated them into six great companies, each with a large and distinct territory, and able, by their magnitude, to inspire confidence in the public and aid the government in the construction of fresh railways. This vigorous policy was very soon successful. Capital flowed in rapidly, construction proceeded with rapidity, and in six years the railways of the empire were more than doubled. France was now exceedingly prosperous. Within this time her exports and imports had increased from £102,000,000 to £213,000,000, or more than double. The six great companies were able to pay average dividends of ten per cent., and the government guaranty had never been needed. But the Emperor was not satisfied. He determined to push the beneficent system still further. More than five thousand miles of new roads were projected, to meet the cost of which the government agreed to guarantee debentures to the amount of £124,000,000, the result of all which has been that the French exports and imports now exceed £300,000,000." In Belgium and Holland the same system of railway extension has been attended with

like results. But we need not follow these figures further.

It is plain that national wealth keeps pace with national production, and that this production may be measured by the extent of the national railway system. In this age of the world distance is computed by time and freight charges. The man who lives a thousand miles from market and can send forward his produce in a short time and at reasonable expense, at once becomes a contributor to that market from which the absence of railroad facilities has hitherto excluded him. Without a market, no matter how rich his soil or genial his climate, he does not attempt the growth of crops; with a market he is stimulated to produce to his uttermost ability. Plainly, then, to meet the liabilities of the nation we have only to stimulate her resources. If, by a system of railways under government patronage, we open great districts in the South-West, we shall create millions of valuable staples for commerce which will flow through all the avenues of trade and impart vigor and health to our national finances, to manufacturing and shipping interests, to the influx of emigration, and to all those elements upon which our prosperity rests. There are few subjects which more urgently call for the study of the real statesmen of our country.

#### DISAGREEABLE DUTIES.

OF course all duty is more or less disagreeable in the abstract. Constraint of any sort is always distasteful to rebellious humanity; and it is an undoubted, though certainly a deplorable, propensity of our nature to take particular delight in doing just what we ought not to do, just because we know we ought not. Like an Irish pig, to learn that we have to go one way brings a very good and sufficient reason for wanting to go the other. Yet this is not from any inherent repugnance to virtue, or any natural inclination to vice. On the contrary, we are rather partial to Virtue; we think it a good thing to patronize her; and when she comes to us properly arrayed in purple and fine linen, we quite fall in love with her, and are ready to make any sacrifice, not involving too great an expense of cash or comfort, in her honor. Vice, on the contrary, we all know is a monster. We unite with the poet in pouring all sorts of contumely on her frightful head; and our neighbor's pity for the beast always excites our liveliest horror. But, somehow or other, villainous practice is sadly at war with pious theory; and most of us are privately capable of enduring a great deal of abstinence from virtue. Indeed, it must be admitted that to be good is horribly irksome, and that the majority of dutiful people are awful bores. The contemplation of perfection, even, is rather wearisome to sinful mortality. Paris is, on the whole, a pleasanter place of residence than Boston, despite the big organ and the frog-pond. Even when we set to work deliberately to try to be good, the result is often discouraging in the extreme. There seems to be some emissary of the evil one, some imp of the perverse, constantly at hand to turn our most praiseworthy actions into sources of travail and tribulation. The experience of most people will give them sympathy with the lament of the lady who once complained to us that she never did what she considered a particularly self-sacrificing and meritorious act without being made to suffer for it; and, on the other hand, there is a deal of unrighteous philosophy in Madame George Sand's wicked witticism: "If it were only a mortal sin to drink a glass of ice-water how delicious it would be!" The flavor of the forbidden fruit is still sweet on our unregenerate palates; and, even in our deepest depravity, we have a preference for the *malum prohibitum* rather than the *malum in se*. The fact is that, in our inmost souls, we regard obligations of any sort as dreadful nuisances, and secretly admire the moral (or shall we say immoral?) courage which enables a few lofty spirits to set them all at naught. Poor human nature is often sadly puzzled to reconcile all these inconsistencies and seeming injustices of life, and to strike a straight path between conscience and convenience. It is all very well for moralists to tell us that the greatest pleasure in the world is the consciousness of duty performed; that virtue is its own reward; or, if they be poetic moralists, like the beneficent Tupper or our own unequalled Titcomb, that the beautiful is a natural companion of the dutiful. We believe these as we believe all the other impressive platitudes wherewith moralists are wont to overwhelm and discomfit the ungodly in poetry and prose. But we can't help seeing, at the same time, that virtue has a most republican ingratitude, and that the consciousness of duty unperformed often brings a much more exquisite pleas-

ure; and that, on the whole, it is much jollier and more comfortable to be a sinner than a saint. To be sure, the saints very likely have the best of it in the long run, but then, *Quien sabe?* The devil may not be so black as he's painted, after all; it's hard to believe ill of one's friends. And if the worst comes to the worst we can go into the vineyard at the eleventh hour, we can join the sheep at the last moment; and if the other side do make a row and call us black, we needn't care. In the meantime, *Carpe diem*. Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow; and never do what you ought to do when it is pleasanter not.

This is the conception most people have of duty; not a very elevated one, it must be confessed, but at the same time a natural one. In this general repulsiveness, however, there are degrees of unpleasantness; some duties are less agreeable, or perhaps it would be more correct to say more disagreeable, than others. For example, the duty which devolved on senators in the late impeachment trial of conscientiously listening to all the orations delivered on that occasion must have been an extremely trying one. The obligation of going to Sunday-school is one that, to the youthful mind, brings only less poignant anguish than the direful necessity of occasional washings exacted by parental tyranny. No one who remembers the howls of agony which that ceremony always evoked from his lusty infancy can doubt that it is a very disagreeable duty. Nor, indeed, does the impression always fade with youth. In the minds of some people a prominent charm of Paradise must consist in unlimited and unhidden dirt. The duty of going to the dentist, of getting up in the morning, of taking one's sister to the theatre after one has settled down for an evening's smoke or when one wants to take somebody else's sister, of paying one's tailor's bills or bills of any sort in fact, of pretending to be awake during the sermon, of reading Mr. Tennyson's magazine poetry, of going to the top of Bunker Hill monument once, of making believe that you like classic music and prefer tragedy to pantomime; the duty of saying "No consequence—not the slightest," and smiling blandly when your corns are trod upon, and you are thinking profane imperatives by the dozen; the duty of complimenting your hostess's daughter on her singing, which is execrable, and her painting, which is atrocious; the duty of dancing with wallflowers occasionally, to keep up appearances, and get invitations; the duty of recognizing your wife's relations, and being civil to your friend's friends,—all these are duties whose unpleasantness is apparent to every well-regulated mind, and which are all the more revolting because it is impossible to elude them.

In fact, it may be laid down as a general maxim, that a duty is disagreeable in exact proportion to its inevitability, and the moment it becomes eludible it loses its terrors in the same ratio. The duty of minding your own business, for example, and doing as you would be done by, is a very distressing restraint on liberty of action, but then as it is practically a dead letter which nobody is obliged to take any notice of, one may enjoy quite a delicious glow of virtue from occasional magnanimous compliance. So, too, with the duty of respecting an oath, which used to be extremely irksome, and which some weak-minded old people still regard with superstitious reverence, but which modern progress has found out to be supererogatory and vain. So, too, there is another class of duties which, although equally disagreeable in themselves, become so softened and mellowed by custom as to lose the impression of constraint which made them obnoxious, or at least cease to be more than relatively disagreeable. The duty of eating with a fork, for instance, is one which, however repugnant at first to one's notions of natural fitness, practice makes positively quite endurable.

We might go on to give a number of obligations which different sorts of people find inexpressibly tedious. But they will readily occur to the reader; and first of all, perhaps, the remembrance of the duty whose observance the reader most imperatively demands, and the writer most reluctantly concedes, the difficult, the intolerable, the unspeakably disagreeable duty of stopping.

#### LEGENDS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

##### TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

IT is somewhat remarkable that American literature should show so little disposition to appropriate foreign literature, whereas American political life is eager enough to swallow up foreign political elements. We are a cosmopolitan people, but our literature is comparatively national or English. In this the German people are completely our opposite; for they are

clannishly national in their political life, but pre-eminently cosmopolitan in their literature. The works of Shakespeare, Molière, Calderon, Tasso, Kalidasa, Mertz Schaffy, etc., are as much a part of German literature as those of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Herder; but where do we find an English translation of the complete works of Goethe? Schiller, thanks to the enterprise of a German, Mr. Leypoldt, has received the honor of a complete translation in America; but the very best of Goethe's works, his second part of *Faust*, was, until recently, inaccessible except to those who read the original; of Lessing, likewise, the best, that is to say, his art-critical, works are untranslated; the works of Molière are not to be found translated in any bookstore; and the same may be said of Racine's and Corneille's works. Calderon, whose *Autos*, at least, should be in every family library which boasts of a *Shakespeare*, is altogether unrepresented in our literature; of Lope de Vega, the name appears only in our histories of literature; and the names of Wieland, Klopstock, Lichtenberg, Rabener, Gerstenberg, Franz von Kleist, Gleim, Hagedorn, etc., do not even all appear there. Translations of Sterne, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, etc., have made those great men's works the common property of the German people; but has English and American literature in similar manner made Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*, Gottfried von Strassburg's *Tristan and Isolde*, or Johann Fischart's *Fleahunt*, etc., universally accessible to those Englishmen or Americans who do not speak or read the German language? Nay, the greatest works of Germany's greatest men on the field of a science unrepresented except in Germany, on the field of philosophy—the works of Leibnitz, Kant, and Fichte—are, with two or three exceptions, untranslated into the language most closely related to the German.

It is to the translation of one of these great works of German literature that we would direct attention in the present article—to the poem of *Tristan and Isolde*, next to Eschenbach's *Parzival* the greatest production of German poetical literature in its first glorious period of the thirteenth century, and perhaps the most powerful song ever sung in celebration of love by mortal lips. With the happiest selection of subject, in this marvellous poem is joined most artistic elaboration and consummate poetical skill. Or could a poet having for his object to sing the power of love have chosen more judiciously than this story, wherein that love's irresistible power need not be extolled by the subjective reflections of the poet, but manifests itself dramatically, in action, in constant efforts to elude a husband's claims and vigilance, in infamous deceit practised by natures previously of rare nobility, and is even ready to commit crimes for the sake of its own satisfaction? Or was any other subject so well adapted artistically to represent the absoluteness and blindness of love than this story, wherein that love appears as the result of a love potion? For love has no rational ground in its sensuous aspect; it is *because* it is, and refuses to account for itself; but in representative art a sensuous ground is a necessity. Now, whereas painting can place this sensuous ground in beauty by painting it, a poet can never, through a mere description of beauty, sufficiently inflame our fancy to make us consider the ground equal to the effect. We always forget the beauty of the woman, because it is not sensuously present, and are, therefore, ever impelled to ask the lover, But why do you act so foolishly? In the story of Tristan and Isolde, however, this question is cut off from the beginning; they love because they cannot help themselves; they must, for they have drunk the philter; they have no freedom now, and are powerless under the all-powerful influence of love. By this means, also, the poet has saved our sympathy for the chief persons of his poem. If it were the case of ordinary lovers, we should never overcome a feeling of contempt for two persons committing crimes and descending to the lowest deceit for the gratification of their passion. But the love potion takes away from Tristan and Isolde all such ugliness. Our sympathy increases as we see the loyal, noble-hearted knight giving slowly way and finally succumbing altogether; and "Isolde la douce, Isolde la belle" even in a still higher degree moves our pity, for in her natural condition she hates in Tristan the murderer of her father. With admirable taste and æsthetic judgement has Gottfried von Strassburg represented Tristan and Isolde as rather cold, or at least careless, to each other during the long time that they are acquainted before she goes on board the ship which is to bring her to King Mark. There is not a sign of mutual attraction or unchaste desire until the unfortunate potion has been tasted. This saves their characters and our sympathy, and by a natural consideration saves even our sympathy for King Mark. In the true spirit of a classic drama, *fate*

hurries these three persons to destruction in a situation which moves our intensest pity.

Gottfried von Strassburg wrote this poem in the years 1206-1215, following the manuscript of an old French poet whom he calls Thomas of Brittany, and who was perhaps the first writer who gave literary shape to this British legend of all-powerful and faithful love. It has since been told in almost all civilized languages, and more eyes have shed tears over the unhappy fate of Tristan and Isolde than over Sir Percival's long fruitless search for the St. Graal. But of all versions that of Gottfried von Strassburg stands unsurpassed, not only in delicate and judicious elaboration of the story, but also and above all in poetic beauty, graceful imagery, powerful description, melody of rhythm, and sound of rhyme. In the customary art-manner of his times the poet opens his poem by a proëm, wherein he announces his purpose to sing for noble hearts a song not of a life wherein care and trouble are unknown, but of a life

"Which holds together in one breast  
The bitter joy, the sorrow blest;  
Heart's happiness and anxious breath;  
Blessedest life and woeful death;  
Woeful death and blessedest life:  
'Tis such a life to live I strive."

The life and the world of love, then, are to be the theme of the poem; sung not for sentimental boys and maidens, but for children of the world and strong, noble hearts who can bear the mixture of pain with sweetness which constitutes the peculiarity of love. Such, moreover, will be all the more anxious to read this poem, for—

"Love's suffering is so full of bliss,  
Its evil brings such happiness,  
That no true heart may lack its fire,  
For it true heart doth first inspire,  
I'm not more sure of my last breath,  
More certain not of final death:  
If one feels love's pangs soundly  
He loves love-foes profoundly.  
Who to such tales would list'ning be,  
Need go no further than to me.  
I know for him a story  
Of noble lovers' glory,  
Who to pure love gave up their life,  
A lover and a loving wife,  
A man a woman, a woman a man,  
Tristan Isolde, Isolde Tristan."

This announcement of the poem's chief theme is followed by an account of the sources whence the poet drew the story of *Tristan and Isolde* which is to illustrate it; and the poem closes as it has opened with a series of verses of peculiar construction, similar ones to which are scattered throughout the poem with happy judgement and effect, and of which we translate two: the one taken from the opening, and the latter from the close of the proëm:

"Dear and worth I hold the man,  
Who good and bad distinguish can.  
Who me and every other man  
At our true worth discover can."

"Their death, their life to us is bread  
Thus lives their life, thus lives their death.  
They live still, though they live in death:  
To us their death is our life's bread."

The poem then begins with the story of Riwalin, a famous knight who held the district of Parmenia in feudal subjection to the British duke Morgan; but by oft-repeated revolts has finally achieved comparative independence. With more of spare time on hand than he knows well how to make use of, he resolves upon visiting Mark, the King of England and Cornwall, in order to learn from this flower of chivalry new knightly accomplishments and more elegant manners. Leaving Parmenia in charge of his faithful squire, Rual li foitenant, Riwalin with twelve knights sets out for England, and is received with great honor by King Mark. A festival is ordered for him:

"Soon the court-festivities  
Were announced as coming  
In the four weeks blooming,  
From the first day of sweet May  
Until his glories pass away.  
At Tintajol 'twas, on the plain,  
Where the guests met again,  
On the loveliest spot  
Which ever human glance, I wot,  
Beheld in the most glorious clime.  
The gentle, gracious summertime  
Had the sweet Creator's hand  
With sweet care lavished on the land.  
Of little woodbirdlets bright,  
That to ears should ever be delight,  
Of grass, flowers, leaves, and blossoms high,  
Of all that happy makes the eye,  
And a noble heart true joy may gain,  
Was full the glorious summer-plain.  
Whate'er you wished to find there,  
Spring had well born in mind there:  
The sunshine by the shadow,  
The linden by the meadow,  
The gentle breezes pleasant  
O'er all the guests there present  
Did with sweet breath beguiling sweep;  
The clear, dear flowers did smiling peep  
From dewy grass and shadow."



The friend of May, the fresh green meadow,  
Had from the flowers that he had reared  
A summer robe so bright prepared :  
Each guest its glow detected,  
From every eye and mien reflected.  
The sweet tree-blossom looked at you  
With a smile so sweet and true,  
That all your heart and all your mind  
Again to the laughing bloom inclined,  
With eyes full kindly burning  
And its fresh laugh returning.  
The bird's sweet musical ditty,  
So gentle, so pretty,  
Rang from each bush of the summervale.  
The happy nightingale,  
The sweetest, dearest bird on tree,  
That ever happy ought to be,  
It sang in the coolness  
With such heartfulness,  
That to every noble heart  
The sound did joy and glow impart."

The festival ends with a grand tournament, at which Riwalin distinguishes himself both through valor and beauty of body, winning the admiration of all women, and more especially of the beautiful Blanchefleur, King Mark's sister, whose love meets passionate response on his part. But scarcely is the festival ended when news arrives that Mark's kingdom has been invaded, and in the struggles for its defence Riwalin is mortally wounded. Blanchefleur, wasting away in languishing love for the heroic knight, finally procures an interview, and the enjoyment of her sweet body produces a crisis which restores the dying man to life. There is a happy contrast between the picture of the love of Riwalin and Blanchefleur, and the love of their future son, Tristan, and Isolde, which the poet has made use of with infinite skill. When Riwalin recovers health and learns from Blanchefleur that she is pregnant, he induces her to elope with him. Returning to Parmentia he finds his lands invaded by his old enemy, duke Morgan, and in a battle against the invader Riwalin is slain. Blanchefleur, hearing of his death, is taken with premature labor-pains, and gives birth to a boy—the hero of the story—but dies soon after the birth. Riwalin's faithful squire, Rual li foidenant, takes the little babe to his wife, and hastens to make the best possible compromise with duke Morgan. Apprehending danger for the child from Morgan, he induces his wife to simulate pregnancy and labor-pains, and to give out Blanchefleur's child as her own. Rual and his wife are thus generally supposed to be the true parents of their dead master's child. They give it the name Tristan, as most appropriate to its sad fate. The child is carefully brought up, instructed in all possible book learning, and sent to foreign countries. Tristan there receives an unusual education, learns many languages and the customs of foreign countries; nay, moreover makes himself proficient in harp-playing, singing, and the gentler graces; while in horsemanship, jousting, hunting, etc., he excels all his companions as much as in bodily beauty. When he is fourteen years of age, Rual recalls him to learn the customs and manners of his own native country, and in this he is so successful that a more courtly man than the boy Tristan is not to be found in the land. So charming does the boy appear to all who see him that a crew of Norway merchants, whose vessels he has visited, conspire to abduct him, and succeed in carrying him away. While Rual and all his men mourn Tristan's absence, crying aloud,

"Beas Tristan, curtois Tristant,  
Son cors, ta vie a Dé comant !"

the vessel which carries the boy is overtaken by a fearful storm, and apprehending that the storm has been sent as a punishment, the sailors vow that they will put off Tristan on the first land God may permit them to approach. Immediately the storm ceases, and Tristan is landed at a desert spot on the English coast. After wandering about for hours in sore distress two pilgrims show him the way to Tintajuel, King Mark's residence. On the way Tristan meets the king's hunters, who have just killed a stag. He excites their admiration and respect by showing them the French way of cutting up the game, and by the courteous grace wherewith he communicates his superior knowledge. Invited to accompany them to court—

"Tristan soon the castle spied;  
From a linden then he tied  
Two small wreaths with leaves well graced.  
One on his own head he placed;  
The other, wider, then did hand  
To him who did the hunt command.  
'Please,' said he, 'Master dear, tell me,  
Whose may that fine, tall castle be?  
Surely, it is a King's castle.'  
The master said: 'Tintajuel.'  
'Tintajuel, o great castle;  
Dé to sal, Tintajuel,  
And all thy merry people !'"

Tristan arranges the military order of their approach, and, moreover, blows upon the horn the announcement of their coming in a new foreign tune, so

strangely beautiful that all the inhabitants of the castle, King Mark at their head, rush out to see the wonderful musician. King Mark feels himself immediately attracted to Tristan, who represents himself as the runaway son of a Parmentia merchant; and when Mark has heard the praises of the master of the hunt regarding Tristan's skill, and while all are crying,

"Tristan, Tristan li Parmentois,  
Cum est beas and cum curtois !'  
Mark to Tristan thus began :  
'Hear what thou must do, Tristan.  
One thing I from thee expect,  
Nor must thou my request reject.'  
'My King, what is't thou wish from me ?'  
'Thou master of my hunt must be.'  
Ringing laughter then began :  
But in reply up-spoke Tristan :  
'Sir, command me as you will,  
What you command I shall fulfil :  
Be your hunter or servantman,  
And serve you ever as best I can.'  
'Well, then, my friend,' said Mark, 'I trow  
This is a pledge : now be it so.'"

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The Rev. Dr. Bushnell's elaborate and very interesting article under the above heading, which appeared in the March number of *Putnam's Magazine*, opens quite a wide field for discussion. My object in writing about the article is not to enter fully into that discussion, but only to hold up to view a few points of the argument which seem to show directly against the cause in advocacy of which they were offered. What is this cause? It is the defence of religion against the apparent attacks of science. And what exactly is religion? I submit that, upon the premise laid down for us, it is quite an indefinite thing. At any rate, whatever it is, it is obliged to bring specifications from science as to its component parts. In short, it is nothing under heaven but just that which science tells it now, or will tell it by-and-by, that it may be. Following is a statement of the case: "Thus, religion must consent to be configured to all true points of science; just as it has learned already, without damage, and even with the greatest advantage, to hold the Bible itself in a Copernican sense. Having it on hand to convert the world, it must, in a different sense, be converted to the world. And it can never stop being thus converted till science stops discovery. It must seek to put itself in harmony with every sort of truth, else it cannot be true itself. Not that the truths of nature and natural science are superior and standard as respects the truths of religion; for scientific ideas and opinions must be willingly configured, under the same law, to the verities of religion."

It has been seen by those who have watched carefully the course of the argument of which that extract is a summary that science is to be the standard, notwithstanding the disclaimer put in; for nearly every one of the "twelve or fifteen issues of capital significance" which "have been started since the arrival of our modern scientific era," has been settled by religion yielding its ground and coming upon that of its opponent. I have the right to bring the term *religion* into the connection into which I have brought it here; because, although in the inference of its employer it is convertible into the word *science*, still the proposition holds it separate from the other; and it is with the proposition I am dealing. This has it, that there are "science and religion." Then, repeating the enquiry, What is religion as distinguished from science? It is something which is taught in the Bible. Through what medium does the teaching come? Through the language of the Bible. Those portions of this language which express the scriptural doctrines as to those dozen and more capital issues are changed, by consent of the essayist himself, to suit the demands of science. So that I was precisely correct in saying, as rendered, that religion yielded in almost all of those issues. Let me enquire a little into some of the consequences of this succumbing of religion to science.

Here is a passage from the article under review: "What is science, anyhow, but the knowledge of species? And if species do not keep their places, but go masking or really becoming one another, in strange transmutations, what is there to know, and where is the possibility of science? If some original germ-cell atom may travel up through mollusc, and frog, and bug, and buzzard, and mammal into a man, what forbids that stones may break species in the same way, to become wood and water, and wind, and cloud, and thunder! If there is no fixity in species, then, for aught that appears, even science itself may be transmuted into successions of music, and moonshine, and auroral fires." It is fair to continue the inference and assert that, since religion is but another name for science, it also must go upward (or downward?) through the same development, making the Bible simply a newly found edition of that dreadful disturber of the religious world, the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. But this is giving banter for banter. I have to do with soberer matters.

It is said to be "very true that God cannot be expected, in miracle, to overturn or suspend the fixed laws of nature. Such a definition of miracle makes it impossible." Then, there was no suspension of any law which is set upon the ocean-tide in the stated case of the Lord's causing "the sea to go back by a strong east wind all night," and making "the sea dry land;" and none of any law which governs the

earth's motion on her axis in the recorded instance of the sun standing still and of the moon's staying, about a whole day, until the people, under Joshua, had avenged themselves upon their enemies; and, finally, none of any law regulating procreation, in the asserted planning for the Saviour himself to be "conceived of the Holy Ghost." Just what language does science command religion to employ in these connections? Should or should not the two accounts in the Old Testament be expunged entirely? Was or was not Jesus begotten supernaturally? and what exactly must we believe of Him, in order to be saved?

Upon the assumption that "the flood was local only, not universal," having been produced by "some local subsidence or disturbance"—that is, by the upheaval of land above the water, in a given region, and a falling down of the water upon the land left relatively lower, in the neighboring region—what disposal is to be made of the declaration that "the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights?" Was there really any rain? and, if so, was it an effect, rather than the cause, of the deluge? Again, if this deluge was occasioned by the subsidence of a limited portion of land into the surrounding waters, by what kind of a subsidence of the waters into what hollows of adjacent lands was it "abated," in the end? Were there two upheavals? and, if so, was Ararat in existence in the first place, or was it a new formation?

Religion has given up "the Ptolemaic, flat-world notions of the Scripture," and has even taken "another centre for the creation." The centre held to in those notions was the earth; while, according to the revelations of modern science, that same was all the time one of a system of eccentric bodies, revolving about the central sun. Then, the earth's coursing in an orbit being implied, what force or combination of forces fixed the orbit? The answer of the religious scientists would be, as a matter of course, that the solar influence was then, as it is now, one of the elements in the case. It follows, that the sun came before or as soon as the earth in the order of the creation; hence that the opening of the first chapter of Genesis should be emended so as to read thus: In the beginning God created the sun, the heaven, and the earth.

Here we are brought to notice what is termed "the creative week of Genesis." The article says: "We have geology by most convincing arguments showing that the world was not created six thousand years ago, or then within six days, as we had been understanding Moses to teach, but in long eras of geologic transformation, or progressive history, more or less corresponding with the creative week of Genesis. The six days' calendar is only a frame to set the record in, and give us the vast, unmeasured, scarcely imaginable stretch of the story, by noting it as in stages of progress." This closing sentence conveys plainly the meaning that the acts noted by the calendar correspond, as to succession, with those pointed out by geology. That there is not the correspondence, has been seen already, if we hear to him who has appointed himself our instructor; for, according to his geologic statement, the formation of the earth was not prior to that of the sun; while, according to the Bible narrative explained by science, it was three "long eras" before. As a consequence of this shifting of the scenes of creation, the Genetical third day, during which were brought forth grass, herb, and fruit-tree, must be carried forward of the fourth, since there is no provision implied for those vegetables to exist without sunlight.

Had that sunlight any part in the making of either of the six mornings indicated in the expression "evening and morning?" It is a logical continuance of the inference drawn thus far, that it had no part. Nevertheless, we let the question stand. And now we will call attention to two or three of the effects of defining (rather, of disdefining) "day" to mean not less than a thousand of the common ages of man.

Consistency requires that the same rule be applied in measuring the seventh period—namely, that of rest—which is applied in the measurement of a working period; so that, firstly, as many as seventy thousand years elapsed between the creation and the fall of the first man; secondly, that the man's age is not recorded correctly, by that number of years; finally, that the whole chronology of the Old and the New Testaments has its foundation knocked out from under it.

So much is suggested concerning the letter only of God's Book. The spirit suffers vastly more—indeed, it is swept completely away, out of space, out of thought, diffused into unimaginable ether. In illustration, the spirit breathing all through the Bible is that God is the being which He declares Himself to be; possessed of miraculous power; capable of speaking, from nothing, all things into existence, in six literal days; of lighting the earth and of bringing forth vegetation, without the aid of the solar ray; of suspending the set courses of the sun and of the moon in the heavens; of creating rain in quantity sufficient to cover the whole face of the globe; of giving unnatural flow to and of holding still the ebb of the tide in the way of the fugitive Israelites; of sending a portion of Himself, in the person of Immanuel, through preterhuman begetting, to redeem His fallen creatures. They for whom the spirit was intended were directed to look upon the manifestations as proofs of the power and to acknowledge the power as a necessary attribute of the Being who displayed it; and rewards and punishments were attached to obedience and to disobedience of the command, these rewards and punishments being incentives, sometimes, to the manifestations themselves. Thus because "the wickedness of man was great in the earth,"



and because "it repented the Lord" that he had been made, the punishment of the flood was inflicted. Now, the act of applying any penalty is a special one—one that would not come about if it were not for the doing of its particular work. Then, from the supposition that the flood was the consequence of a simple partial upheaval, occurring in the common course of events, the inevitable conclusion is, that there was no punishment; so that the spirit of the indicated portion of the Word is lost altogether.

I wish to avoid tedious detail, therefore will sum up by saying that, as the Bible is scarcely anything but a record of miracles (which Dr. Bushnell, after mature thought, cannot but decide to be suspensions of the fixed laws of nature), the asking away of the character of miracle takes also about everything which is meant by the term religion; so that the learned divine's conversion of this to the world is a quiet conveyance of it into nonentity—"only this, and nothing more."

It occurs to me to make, in conclusion, an enquiry as to the means of distinguishing the past and present converts to religion from the converts to the world. If it is religion now to "pray, preach, and live Copernically," did the same obtain formerly in daily walking according to Moses? If so, was not the principle kept to all intents and for all purposes had in view in the bowing down to stocks and stones and to the golden calf of Aaron? Further, if Christianity consists as well in believing that He who gave the name was the natural son of the unwedded Mary as in attributing His conception to the Holy Ghost, does it not consist equally in casting Him out altogether, and in substituting for Him The Man told of by the author of *A Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization*—"a man who, standing, by reason of his manhood, in the stream of universal, resistless, and eternal force, sustained a new relation to the cosmos, and was the offspring of the full development of its movement"?

H. B. W.

# INADVERTENCIES OF "GRAVITAS" AND THE "AUTHOR OF PROMETHEUS IN ATLANTIS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In *The Round Table* of March 7, "Gravitas" assumed the doctrine of Sir Isaac Newton to lead to the conclusion "that the rotation of the planets is the result of an original impulse in right lines modified by gravity."

If Newton, the brightest star in the galaxy of lordly intelligences, could speak through your literary medium he would say to your readers, I never taught, while living among men, that the rotary motions of the planets were due to the forces of projection and gravitation.

2. The "Author of *Prometheus in Atlantis*," in *The Round Table* of Feb. 8, states: "1. When a projectile is discharged horizontally near the earth's surface, the force of gravity influences it in every respect precisely as if no projectile force had acted."

No,—because the forces of gravitation and projection, or, as they are otherwise named, centripetal and centrifugal forces, acting on a projectile from a given point above the surface of the earth, will compel the body to impinge on the surface of the earth in less or more time than if acted on by the force of gravitation alone. For if you project or fire a minié rifle ball from a point sixteen feet above the surface of the earth, in the line in which the ball would fall by the force of gravity, the ball will be driven to the surface of the earth in less time by the composition of the forces than it would fall over the same distance by the force of gravity. And at eight feet above the surface of the earth, in a line as nearly as may be perpendicular to the line of the force of the attraction of gravitation of the ball, fire a conical ball, communicating to it a rotary as well as forward motion, and the time of the descent of the ball to the earth will be greater than the time required for the force of gravity to cause the ball to fall from the mouth of the rifle to the earth.

3. Hence we may conclude that the action of gravity on a projectile may be retarded or accelerated, and I know by frequent experiments that a projectile impulse may retard or accelerate the projectile in the line of its projection. On these accounts your accomplished correspondent and mathematician will be pleased to pardon me if I have, by my audacity, awakened his ardor increasingly in quest of the new, true, and beautiful in nature.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, yours very respectfully,  
WM. ISAACS LOOMIS,  
Baptist Pastor.

PIERMONT, ROCKLAND CO., N. Y., May, 1868.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

### JEFFERSON DAVIS.\*

#### II.

IT would be easy to give other citations, showing, as does the foregoing one (*The Round Table*, No. 173), that the right of peaceable secession was claimed or recognized not by the South alone, but by an earnest and conspicuous body of Northern politicians, who were otherwise bitterly opposed to Southern institu-

tions and pretensions. The candor and generosity of these pro-secession-anti-slavery people have been, it is true, gravely impugned. To have carried out their principles—i. e., to have allowed peaceable secession—would at once have left the Republican party in an overwhelming majority at the North, and the slaves to the permanently unchecked jurisdiction of their masters at the South. The advocacy of that which would have brought about these two results seems scarcely consistent with the unselfish and humanitarian reputation which the advocates, as constituting the advanced guard of the Republican party, have ever seemed anxious to establish. To abandon the negroes to their fate—a fate presumably of perpetual slavery—while acquiring political strength which would ensure to their party indefinite possession of the government, might be justified on some possible principles, but certainly not on the distinctive principles of Radical Republicans. This cool proposal to forego emancipation, the cardinal aim which gave their party cohesiveness and purpose, and, at the same time, to split asunder the country, giving in exchange for these sacrifices only an extended lease of political ascendancy, excited much indignation. It was thought indefensible that men who had been willing to disregard the constitutional compact, and to trample on state rights while it suited their purpose, should be equally willing to respect that compact and those rights for a like profligate convenience. Such was the allegation of the South and its defenders, both American and foreign, and it has never been satisfactorily answered. Whether justly criticised or not, the proposal in question never had any practical influence, unless it might have been that of still further deluding Southerners into the idea that Northerners would not fight; in which case it goes to swell the amount of accountability already chargeable to the Radical extremists for the bloodshed, the expense, and the misery of the war.

The sword has answered in its practical application the long-mooted question of state rights which statesmen from Hamilton to Webster and from Jefferson to Calhoun have argued without deciding. But how far the decision of the sword is to be reckoned as estopping exculpation in the eye of the civil law, the approaching trial of Jefferson Davis may be expected to show. Whether the principle which, for the sake of slavery, it was found feasible to disregard, is to be estimated as overthrown for all other interests and purposes, remains to be seen. Centralization has its advantages, and so far that matter has an empire. Alexander Hamilton never, to the day of his death, believed in either the permanency or the value of that Federal Constitution which, even as lately as within two years of his death, he styled a "frail and worthless fabric;" but the people of the North and West, who have been led half unconsciously into carrying out Hamiltonian ideas, will be likely in the sequel violently to resist their application when other sections than the South, and other concerns than slavery, are to be subjected to their control. So far as value is imputed to consistency in advocating state rights, more especially that of secession, Jefferson Davis is no doubt entitled to full credit. When, in his farewell speech in the United States Senate, he referred to the former case of Massachusetts, and claimed as such, the facts justified his assertion. He said:

"I well remember an occasion when Massachusetts was arraigned before the bar of the Senate, and when the doctrine of coercion was rife, and to be applied against her because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. My opinion then was the same that it is now. Not in a spirit of egotism, but to show that I am not influenced in my opinion because the case is my own, I refer to that time, and that occasion, as containing the opinion which I then entertained, and on which my present conduct is based. I then said that if Massachusetts, following her through a stated line of conduct, choose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back; but I will say to her, God speed, in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other states."

Mr. Alfried repeats with undeniable plausibility the asseveration that the seceding states left the Union not because they hated but because they loved the old Constitution. The Confederate leaders at Montgomery, he urges, exhibited an almost religious veneration for the spirit, forms, and associations of the government which they had abandoned; while "the strict adherence of the Montgomery Constitution to the features of the Federal instrument indicates the absurdity of the impression that it was a proclamation of revolution; and the circumstances of its adoption are totally inconsistent with a correct conception of the conduct of an insurgent body." There were, however, some changes; but with a single exception it is unquestionably true that a large number of the most enlightened people at the North regarded these changes as intrinsic improvements. The provision extending the Presidential term to six years and forbidding re-election was of the number, as was also that permitting

cabinet ministers to participate in the debates of Congress. The prohibition of duties for the purpose of protection was a step forward which the North is by no means yet prepared to take. The prohibition, in terms, of the African slave trade is in the Confederate constitution, although not in the old one. Mr. Alfried sums up by affirming that there was nothing in the Montgomery instrument which a candid and enlightened public sentiment, even at the North, might not fully have approved, excepting the ample and avowed protection to property in slaves, which, he avers, was not an alteration of the old Constitution, but merely a formal interpretation of its obvious purpose. Afterward, at pp. 248-9, he proceeds to criticise certain accepted views as follows:

"It is not an abuse of language to characterize the North as realizing the ultra theory of popular government. Its political fabric rests exclusively upon the utopian conception of an intelligence and integrity in the masses which they have never been known to possess. Carrying out its pernicious construction of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are born free and equal," it professes to hold in light esteem the obvious distinctions of race, property, and color. Earnestly devoted to the successful illustration of the experiment of democracy, it has sedulously directed its social and political development to the overthrow of caste, the obliteration of necessary social distinctions, and the practical assertion of the principle of absolute social, political, and personal equality among all men. . . . A free society, politically, in which wealth and distinction were debared to none, the aristocratic influences of slavery were the propitious inducements in the South to the cultivation of that personal dignity which marks the refinement of rank, in contradistinction to the vulgar pretensions and affectation of a mere aristocracy of money. The patrician society of the South sought the noblest type of republicanism—regulated liberty—beyond the influence of ignorant and fanatical mobs, that perfect order which reposes securely upon virtue, intelligence, and interested attachment, which all human experience teaches are the only reliable safeguards of freedom."

The author dwells at considerable length upon the great advantage derived by the Confederacy from the military education and experience of its leader, and defends him from those charges of favoritism and injudicious disposition of resources which have been so freely made and which have been especially numerous since the final overthrow of the Southern arms. We have always believed that the South made the best resistance it possibly could. Considering the disparity of force, it must always remain an extraordinary achievement in military history to have maintained during four long years a struggle whose issue in all that time to most eyes seemed doubtful. It is a very poor compliment to Northern valor to contend that any practicable employment of the insurgent forces could have secured any better results than those that were obtained. Nothing is easier after the event than to point out mistakes and to demonstrate on paper the superior advantages that abler leadership might have wrested from a powerful and obstinate enemy. It is but fair, nevertheless, to regard the contest as a whole, and when we do so we are constrained to acknowledge that on the part of the South it was conducted with consummate ability. The time has gone by when it was expedient to keep up the spirits of our own forces by disparaging the qualities of the enemy, and we have found that the best and most successful officers of the national service are precisely those who are most generous and unreserved in their admiration for the professional merits of their opponents. That Davis made some mistakes—notably, perhaps, in the cases of Generals J. E. Johnston and Beauregard—is doubtless true; but that he made very few mistakes is manifest from aggregate results; and this faculty of making few mistakes is, as established by the highest military authorities, the prime faculty of soldiiership. In this regard we imagine that Mr. Davis's defenders have a very strong case, and that when the prejudices and bitterness of the war have subsided Americans at large will rather extol and take pride in than seek to depreciate the talents it cost the nation so dear to counterpoise.

The author reiterates the often-made and often-repelled charges of duplicity against the Federal government in respect to its attempt to relieve Fort Sumter. The policy of Mr. Seward was, he insists, one of "base deception" from first to last, the object having been to gain time while an expedition could be prepared, so that the Confederate authorities might be induced to make an attack on the fort which should infuriate the North, and so lead to a war for the subjugation of the South and the abolition of slavery. "Upon one occasion," says Mr. Alfried, "Mr. Seward declared that Fort Sumter would be evacuated before a letter, then ready to be mailed, could reach President Davis at Montgomery. Five days afterward General Beauregard, commanding the Confederate forces in Charleston harbor, telegraphed the commissioners at Washington the ominous intelligence that the Federal commandant was actively strengthening Fort Sumter. The commissioners were again soothed with Mr. Seward's renewed assurances of the positive intention of his government to evacuate the fort. As

\* *The Life of Jefferson Davis*. By Frank H. Alfried, late editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*. Cincinnati and Chicago: The Caxton Publishing House. 1868.



late as the 7th of April, Mr. Seward gave the emphatic assurance: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept: wait and see." "This was the date of the sailing of the Federal fleet with a strong military force on board." The assumption that the expedition was only intended for the relief of a starving garrison, the author meets by the statement that it consisted of eleven vessels with two hundred and eighty-five guns and twenty-four hundred men; but he enters into no examination of the merits of the case from the Federal point of view, and makes nothing of the fact that the unarmed steamer, the *Star of the West*, which had previously been despatched with provisions to relieve the garrison, had been fired upon and driven back by the South Carolina batteries. Nor do the two circumstances that a menacing attitude was first adopted by the Confederates toward the Union forts, and that the authorities of the United States could take, in their judgement, no official cognizance, in the existing situation, of the Confederate commissioners, appear in any degree to modify Mr. Alfriend's conclusions, or to soften the asperity with which he animadvert upon the Federal policy.

We do not think it useful to enter into an examination of those details of military operations which have already been so exhaustively discussed elsewhere, but which very properly fall within the scope of the present volume. The author deals, on the whole, more dispassionately with the events of the war itself than with its causes or consequences, but he does not fail to array a considerable number of telling extracts and incidents which may, respecting the latter, fortify the moral position of his section. Thus, he quotes from Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address the memorable passages:

"I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. The right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgement, exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depended."

Also the resolution passed by Congress, and signed by Mr. Lincoln, after the first defeat at Bull Run:

"Resolved, That this war is not waged upon our part with any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of these states, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired; that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease."

Mr. Alfriend has naturally his own story to tell as regards the comparative treatment of prisoners by the North and South; and, as one view that he presents is novel to us, and may be so to our readers, we shall reprint it. He observes that a marked feature in the policy of the Federal government was, at concerted intervals, to inflame the North by appeals to passion and resentment. One of the means to effect this end was "to frenzy the Northern masses by the most ingenious misrepresentations of the condition of the men in the Southern prisons." The text proceeds:

"To this end, the foul brood of pictorial falsifiers—the Harpers, Leslies, etc.—gave willing and effective aid. Men in the most horrible conditions of human suffering—ghastly skeletons, creatures demented from sheer misery—a set of wretched, raving, and dying creatures—were photographed, the pictures reduplicated to an unlimited extent, and scattered broadcast over the North, as evidence of the brutality practised upon Federal prisoners in the South."

Immediately preceding the return of these prisoners, the Federal agent applied for the delivery of the *worst* cases of *sick* Federal prisoners. Said he:

"Even in cases where your surgeons think the men too ill to be moved, and not strong enough to survive the trip, if they express a desire to come let them come."

At this time, it should be remembered, regular exchanges were intermitted. Commissioner Ould, consistently with his own humanity and the humane disposition of his government, consented to send the *worst* cases of their prisoners, provided that they would not be accepted as representatives of the average condition of the Federal prisoners in the South, and used as a means to inflame Northern sentiment. This condition was sacredly pledged.

"With this understanding, Commissioner Ould prepared a barge adapted especially to the purpose, and, with the aid of the Richmond Ambulance Committee, carefully and tenderly delivered the prisoners. The Federal vessel that received them sailed immediately to Annapolis, where, instead of receiving the tender treatment that their pitiable condition required, they were made a spectacle of for an obvious purpose. Photographic artists made portraits of them; a committee of Congress was sent to report upon their condition; in short, they had been obtained for a purpose; and how well that purpose was subserved, the South, at least, well knows. These miserable wrecks of humanity, specially asked for, specially selected as the *worst* cases, were pointed to as representatives of the average state of Federal prisoners in the South, although the most sacred assurances had been given that they would be used for no such purpose."

This is a terrible representation, and upon its face a very humiliating one. Yet, without hearing a word in the way of refutation from the other side, the candid reader will not fail to discern unavoidable qualifications. Waiving the question as to whether the state of these miserable sufferers was not necessarily and

palpably discreditable to their captors, it is preposterous to imagine that intelligent Northerners would accept their condition as representative of the *average* condition of Federal prisoners in the South. The mere fact that those who were photographed were selected from among a number, in itself implied that the cases were exceptional; and it would seem that a cold-blooded and politic government would be cautious, needing men as ours did, about increasing the unattractive contingencies of the service. Without making special enquiry into the matter, we have no doubt that these pictures were taken at the instance of the agents of the pictorial journals, who were always on the *qui vive* for sensational subjects, of course with the acquiescence of the poor fellows themselves, and that the Federal government had as little to do with the affair as Mr. Alfriend himself had. No doubt prisoners were ill-treated at times by both sides; but from all that we have seen and heard from creditable sources their average treatment by the North was far the better of the two, as indeed, considering the situation and means of the respective combatants, was quite expectable. That there were instances of atrocity in the South altogether without parallel in the North no one, we think, after examination of the existing evidence, can with candor deny. Mr. Alfriend is no more successful than others have been in explaining away Andersonville.

The lengthy comparison instituted between General Grant and General Lee by the author is not just to the former, and perhaps could scarcely be expected to be so. Grant has certainly not Lee's versatility, his resource, his dash, and very few of his imaginative qualities, but he was pre-eminently the man for the situation. He is a limited-minded, stony-willed, inflexible soldier of the grinding school, with very little idea of chivalry but a very definite idea of accomplishing what he undertakes. Of course, he had more men than Lee in the final campaign; it would have been rather absurd to undertake the business with less. The movement was an offensive, an invasive one, contemplating no less than the encircling and capture of the whole opposing force; a climax which the evacuation of Richmond only evaded in one way to bring about in another. Mr. Alfriend has a great many passages like this:

"The world was invited, by the sensational press of the North, to admire the 'strategy' which had carried the Federal army from the Rapidan to the James, a position which it might have reached by transports without the loss of a man."

Possibly, but with what damage to General Lee's army? The critic's implication would be sound enough if Richmond and not Lee's army had been the true "objective point" at which to strike. Grant's losses, doubtless, were great, but his policy, once in Lee's presence, was clearly never to quit him. The Federal resources bore such a relation to those of the Confederates that the "hammering" process was the best that could be adopted. The battles of the Wilderness may not have been victories for Grant, but they were not less practically the knell of the Confederate cause. There was no getting away afterward to attempt brilliant strokes whereby disparity in numbers might be counterbalanced. The rest was all wary watching and hard pounding. The difference between Grant and other Federal commanders—judging, of course, by their respective achievements—was that he went clear through his task to the end. Another general would have retreated, another have attempted something dazzling and failed, another have permitted himself to be surprised. Grant did none of these things. He is, so far as humanity can be so, as impassive as destiny; the consummate embodiment, in a military sense, of hard, pitiless, unimaginative resolution; a man of iron, but iron without magnetism. Lee, we may admit, is a more knightly and gracious figure than Grant, a man more capable of evoking enthusiasm, a man more like the heroic models of history; but, after all, the simple fact remains that Grant never failed, but quietly and thoroughly *did* whatever he attempted. It is no disparagement to General Lee to say that, placed in the same situation, he could not have done more and might have done less.

General Sherman is more popular with Southerners than General Grant, notwithstanding the ravages and desolation of the march to the sea; and our present writer seems disposed to do better justice to a military genius which is, perhaps, the most decided of any evolved in the war. Mr. Davis is often credited with the success of that brilliant operation on the ground of his removal of Johnston, and the luckless Hood certainly did appear to facilitate invasion in the most unfortunate manner. Johnston has declared since the cessation of hostilities that the "Confederacy was too weak for offensive war," and his course

while in command clearly showed that such was his decided opinion. No general on either side took the field with so high a reputation, unless we except General Scott, and Johnston's avoidance of battle and constant retreats were sore disappointments to those who hoped great things from his accession to the Confederate cause. Yet, as Mr. Alfriend concedes, "Johnston has that sort of negative vindication which arises from the disasters of his successor," and he quotes a Confederate officer who wittily said, "While Johnston was in command there were *no results at all*; when Hood took command *results came very rapidly*." We entirely agree, however, with Mr. Alfriend when he says that "the philosophy of the Southern failure is not to be sought in the discussion of opposing theories among Confederate leaders," and that "the conclusion of history will be, not that the South accomplished less than was to be anticipated, but far more than have any other people under similar circumstances."

We have left ourselves little space to devote to the central figure who gives a title to this interesting, if often erratic and one-sided, volume. But, as we intimated at the outset, the book is, while purporting to be a biography, a comprehensive account, from the extreme Southern stand-point, of the causes and merits of the war; so that the life of Mr. Davis is rather the nucleus than the substantial subject-matter of the text. Moreover, since 1860 the Confederate leader has been so conspicuously before the public gaze that even a summary of his personal career since that time seems needless. It appears to us, further, that even in his case some reserve of judgement may with propriety be observed on the part of the press, since a judicial tribunal is about formally to take up what the war has in a material, not an ethical or technical, sense determined. A President of the Union has been impeached, tried, and acquitted during the time that the ex-President of the Confederacy has been awaiting his trial, and the press has not been scrupulous in discussing a case which, strictly speaking, had better claims to journalistic reticence than that of Mr. Davis. Still, even the latter has a conventional title to be considered innocent until proved to be guilty, and so a right to corresponding immunity from hostile criticism. The trial, which, it is now said, will certainly take place in June, unimportant as it may seem to many from certain practical aspects, will be substantially the most momentous yet recorded in our history, more pregnant of consequences, from its indissoluble relation to great and hitherto acknowledged principles, than that of President Johnson, and will constitute, whatever its result, a great landmark for the future political course of the nation.

#### KIRK'S CHARLES THE BOLD.\*

MR. KIRK has done an admirable service in completing and bringing into plain sight a chapter of history which records one of the most important connecting passages between contrasting eras, yet of which, so far indeed as it was written at all, the ordinary historical reader had hitherto been able to get only here and there a glimpse. There are many reasons why it was desirable to gain a clear and undistorted view of the dramatic scenes of this eventful transitional period. The fifteenth century, in which flourished the Burgundian dukes—those, at least, of the house of Valois, for the first of whom the old dukedom, then lapsed to the crown by the extinction of the line of the Capets, had been re-erected by King John as the *appanage* of his younger son Philip the Bold, and of whom Charles the Bold was the fourth and last—was the century in which, by the triumph of Louis XI. over Charles, feudalism in France received its death-blow, and royal authority was established. In that century ended the Middle Ages and whatever still laid claim to the title of chivalry, and in it was prepared the way, at least, for modern history, if we are to hold that its actual commencement is to be dated from the reign of Charles VIII., who availed himself of the power of independent monarchy built up for him by the policy of his grandfather Charles VII. and his father Louis XI. And it was upon the fate of Burgundy that all these changes depended. Again, the story which Mr. Kirk has for the first time put into coherent shape is that whose absence has left many young students in perplexity, whether as the explanation of much that seemed unsatisfactory in French annals; or as the sequel to the repeated English invasions of France during the long period in which the history of the two kingdoms was intertwined; or as the full account of transactions of

\* *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By John Foster Kirk. 3 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864-68.



which Hallam and other historians of the middle ages give but provoking hints; or, further, as a needed preparation for Robertson's or Prescott's or Motley's histories of the Spanish rule in the Netherlands under the descendants and partial successors of the Dukes of Burgundy. Yet there are few to whom it will be utterly unfamiliar. No history relating to any nation of the time can be without more or less of the skeleton which is here filled up with muscle, nerve, flesh, and blood. The democratic turbulence of the men of Ghent and Liège, for instance, is precisely that of the Ghent of a century before as shown us in Mr. Taylor's *Philip Van Artevelde*, or of the Ghent of a century after as painted by Mr. Motley. More, perhaps, have some notion—though an uncommonly false one—of the actors from Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*, which Mr. Kirk, while following it pretty closely, even at times to the very phraseology, censures sharply and deservedly, but not with the explicitness that numerous incidents invite, the gross falsifications of fact and character which make the novel utterly unworthy of the author of *Waverley* and as worthless and misleading as the generality of historical novels.

We are not ignorant that the coarse and brutal personage, the slightly varied Front de Bœuf, whom Sir Walter offers as the Duke of Burgundy, is the conception of Charles which has passed current among historians. Nor are we unaware that, on the appearance several years ago of the first instalment of the present work, its author was charged with presumptuous vanity in reconstructing history, and with such desire for the piquant and novel as to involve a process of whitewashing and glorification of the sort with which we are more familiar in the case—if Mr. Kirk can pardon the illustration—of the Rev. John S. C. Abbott's own Napoleon. Unfortunately the asperity with which Mr. Kirk sometimes speaks of previous historians and critics (e.g., Vol. II., p. 522) and such ardent admiration as appears in his peroration seem to give color to accusations of the kind. In fact, however, we do not think they are deserved. Mr. Kirk's Charles certainly differs from the conventional Charles of history, in the same way, though by no means in the same degree, as the Henry VIII. of Mr. Froude differs from all the varied Henrys of previous historians. But there was a great deal more likelihood of Charles's having been originally libelled than of Henry's, and a great deal less of the injustice having been revised. The chronicles from which has been derived our knowledge of his career were chiefly written by the partisans of his deadly antagonists. In Mr. Kirk's words, used in relation to a particular episode, they "recorded simply from day to day, without personal cognizance or investigation, whatever rumors had currency and a special interest in their own localities. The animus, the excessive acrimony, with which they wrote, is the faithful reflex of a popular sentiment which found its usual concomitants and support in wholesale lying and a boundless credulity." Now, however, "a mass of documents and relations have been dragged from their hiding-places, cleansed from the dust of ages, and thrust into publicity." With these and other sources of information which exist only in manuscript Mr. Kirk, by the co-operation of antiquarians and mediævalists in Berne, Lausanne, Lucerne, and Vienna, has familiarized himself with a patient industry and diligent research that are almost overwhelming, and nothing could be more natural than his arriving at conclusions materially different from those which had none of these foundations to rest upon. It is much as if in the history of our civil war the testimony of Radical newspapers should be exclusively followed for ages, until some lucky investigator should unearth files of Richmond and New Orleans journals, to the discomfiture of the conservative school of historians who had been content without enquiry to accept and recombine whatever their predecessors handed down to them. Where it is impossible to consult the originals—and, so far as we know, none of Mr. Kirk's critics have done so—we have only internal evidence to go by; and we think nobody free from strong preconceptions can fail to recognize an honest pursuit of truth, a constant sense of verisimilitude, that require us, after making due allowance for the author's natural enthusiasm for his hero, to implicitly accept his well-sifted deductions.

In spite of some very obvious defects in his historical style, of a luxuriance of thought and language that involves at times a wearisome prolixity or an annoying interruption of the thread of his narrative, Mr. Kirk's story is one singularly clear and easy to follow. We have seldom found characters stand out more vividly than all who here occupy prominent places. Then the

number of the actors and the extent of the scene are in his favor, the latter being limited to the southern Netherlands, France, the valley of the Rhine, and Switzerland, with the sole exception of a brief digression to Edward IV.'s restoration to the English throne; and while the plots and conspiracies and intrigues are numerous and involved, our author's patient scrutiny has so penetrated them all and traced motives and instrumentalities from their manifestations to their authors that the reader has in order before him every string that was pulled by one of the subtlest schemers in history. Moreover, the entire drama centres entirely about the two antagonistic heroes of what Mr. Jules Van Praet, in his admirable *Historical Essays*, terms one of the great duels in history. A sharper contrast of men constantly in contact and conflict no dramatist could create. Charles was the representative of the moribund era of chivalry, and as its last powerful champion he withstood the advance of absolute monarchy, the suppression of the great feudal states, as essayed by the first practitioner of modern kingcraft sustained by the modern appliances of a standing army and regular taxation. It was a contest of mind with matter, of skill with strength, of inexhaustible craft and wiles with audacity and force. Charles was a giant, resolute, fearless, uncompromising, carrying all before him in his headlong onsets, yet standing no chance in the long run against the singular union of Mephistopheles and Quilp, the scheming monarch, as determined as he, but unfettered by either scruples or shame, knowing how to turn even reverses to his advantage and make his enemies his tools for each other's destruction. Louis' ability in its own evil way was almost preternatural, yet even in Philip II. of the next century, the accepted type of this class of kings, although personally he was dull and entirely uninteresting while Louis is a constant study of amazing and amusing traits, there was not such total destitution of anything admirable or honorable. Charles was not without a certain rude nobility of character; while he lacked prudence, foresight, or circumspection, and like most men of his day was relentless even to cruelty, he was far from being the brawling, blundering brute of Sir Walter Scott and the historians; he was as incapable of Louis' meannesses and duplicity as he was of his far-seeing statesmanship; he was, as Mr. Kirk puts it, a prince and not a boor; he never lost a sense—which Louis never felt—of *noblesse oblige*, that combined with other traits to ensure his ruin. We are entirely unable to put into set terms features of characters which are to be gathered from their manifestations as scattered throughout these three large volumes. We must be content to say that neither Macaulay's James nor Motley's Philip is more distinctly individualized than Mr. Kirk's Louis or perhaps his Charles, while, fidelity aside, all Scott's skill, supplemented by the advantages of fiction for illustration of character, is insufficient to give us any such thorough perception of the natures of these two as is to be got from these grave historical pages. In lieu of the parallel which one is tempted to run between them, we must give Mr. Kirk's summary:

"They were essentially men of different eras, and their juxtaposition, which represents the incongruities of the age itself, strikes us as something unnatural. On the great diplomatic battle-field of the sixteenth century, the qualities of Louis would have been more closely tested, and his real superiority would have been seen to lie not in a greater depth of dissimulation and duplicity, but in the greater liveliness and fecundity of his intellect; while Charles, at an earlier epoch and in conflict with men of his own stamp, might not have been thought deficient either in sagacity or in promptness; his honesty and his earnestness would have enlisted sympathy; and his harsher characteristics would have appeared less salient and repulsive."

Had the character of either of these men been different—had Charles had the political tact of a great statesman or the prompt genius of a great general, or had Louis been less skilful in his subterranean policy, less adroit in countermining his enemy's position and rendering his successes nugatory—the duke's immense schemes might have been perfected and Burgundy have taken place among the great states of Europe. At the outset, indeed for all the earlier part of their contest and at times almost until its close, Charles seemed to have the advantage. He succeeded to states—Burgundy, Franche Comté, Flanders, Artois, Luxembourg—the most populous and wealthy of the age, and with a populace in general well affected to his government. Louis' power was nowhere firmly established; the great nobles, with the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany at their head, jealous of the aggrandizement of the kingly power and of its encroachments upon their own, had apparently combined against him in a league he was powerless to withstand. For a time Charles seemed likely to effect one or more of his most gigantic schemes—either, after adding Lorraine, Alsace, and Savoy to his dominions, to compass the "annexation" of the adjacent states and es-

tablish the often-proposed Middle Kingdom, sundering France and Germany and extending along the Rhine from the North Sea and the Straits of Dover to the Mediterranean; or, by a scheme of which the marriage of his daughter to Maximilian formed a part, to succeed Frederick III. and add to his own power that of the German empire, as in the next century his great-grandson, Charles V., added it to that of dominions partly formed of the remnant of Charles the Bold's. Louis, whatever his early blunders may have been, however hopeless opposition to his allied opponents may have seemed, adhered to the line of Machiavellian policy in which none of them could cope with him. By detaching from the hostile alliances their most essential members, by sowing dissensions and artfully fomenting them by means which Charles would have disdained, by luring even his own ostensible friends into perilous positions and then leaving them to their fate, by striking scarcely a blow himself but managing that his foes should break each other to pieces—he frustrated Charles's magnificent projects, which had at one time seemed irresistible and compassed his destruction by the hand of his own allies, to whom he had given no provocation. "A vigorous mind united with a bad heart," Mr. Kirk observes in allusion to Louis, "is not necessarily an instrument of evil." And it was by dint of such a union that Louis saved France from dismemberment and possible destruction, and shaped the channel for the future course of European history. And from Charles's deficiencies came to nothing the great possibilities of Burgundy—possibilities which Mr. Van Praet in the essays we have before referred to admirably summarizes and of whose failure he has this to say:

"That which marks, therefore, in a special manner the character of the House of Burgundy and its history in the fifteenth century, is this: it represents, in the centre of Europe, a new political element, a state without pretensions, as strong as its neighbors, rich in the midst of impoverished kingdoms, and its territorial position alone was sufficient to secure its political influence. Nevertheless, it was a state whose existence was transient, and it was not governed by men sufficiently strong to enable it to fulfil all its destiny. The events of this epoch, when studied, explain of themselves the part which princes so important as were the dukes of Burgundy might have played, and what they might have become, in the midst of a society so divided and of ideas so changing. They were considerable historical figures, even as they appear to us; but the disturbed state of the neighboring countries would have made them still grander and more powerful if, with their enormous power, their will had been firmer, their humor more serious, their conduct more consistent, and their object a higher one—had they been neither slow nor frivolous nor wild—had any one of the princes shown a grand character—had any one of them, for instance, to keep within their own time, been a Du Guesclin, a Clisson, or a Dunois—a Black Prince, a Henry V., or a Bedford. It frequently happens that men endowed with eminent faculties fail to accomplish their destiny from the want of an opportunity to show what they are. It was quite otherwise with the House of Burgundy. The opportunity during their brief existence frequently occurred; but the princes were destitute of the qualities necessary to acquire a high political position, and the family existed too short a time for any one to guess what changes a power so constituted and situated could have effected in Europe had its existence been prolonged. Of the two things always necessary in this world for the accomplishment of a great work—opportunity and genius—they had only the first; the second was denied them."

It is, we think, a pity that Mr. Kirk has not more fully illustrated this larger view of the matter—that, instead of confining himself to the last of the Burgundian dukes, or rather of beginning with the later years of the third of them, he did not give us a history of the entire line, of the embryo kingdom which never attained development. He could not, of course, have done this on the same scale on which he has written Charles's life without greatly exceeding the present dimensions of his work; but there are digressions and philosophical disquisitions and amplifications to whose suppression the reader might readily be reconciled if their room were filled by a sketch of the career of the first three dukes, concise until it reached the important part played in French affairs by Philip the Good, the glorious exploits of Joan of Arc, and the inauguration, under Charles VII., of that line of policy whose perfection under his son is the real subject of these volumes, Louis filling in the earlier chapters the place of Mr. Kirk's hero much more, and in the remaining ones scarcely less, than Charles. So too, at the other end, we by no means like Mr. Kirk's abrupt conclusion. One more chapter might have traced Louis' efforts, after Charles's death, for the dismemberment and practical suppression of the power which had been his rival's; his reannexation of the two Burgundies to France; the marriage of Mary to Maximilian—just as Charles, among his manifold projects for the disposal of his daughter's hand, had once before planned—which was one in that succession of politic marriages which resulted in Charles V.'s immense inheritance of all Spain, the Netherlands, and the Indies. This would have completed the link between works already familiar to the general historical reader, and, as we have said, there was needed only an abridgement, which would in itself have been an improvement, to effect this enlargement without much increasing the bulk of the book. As it is, the work is complete so far as it goes, forming a block



that fills what was hitherto a gap in the historical mosaic, rather than anything woven into the fabric of history. This was purely a matter of preference with Mr. Kirk, but there are other omissions, small in themselves, but of which we feel we have a right to complain. The most important of these is the entire absence of an index, one of the first essentials of a historical work, and even of an assemblage in the table of contents of the running titles which stand at the top of the pages, also of the dates, which appear only at the beginning of the chapters instead of being so disposed that they can be ascertained at a glance. These things should by all means be remedied in future editions, for the book well deserves to be made complete. Mr. Kirk is decidedly entitled to high praise. His subject was not of the first magnitude, and his treatment of it has not been without the defects we have intimated, but his book is entitled to a more than respectable place in the second rank of histories.

### THE MAGAZINES.

THE main attraction of *Lippincott* this month, we suppose, is Mr. Swinburne's poem, entitled *Siena*, which is fervently described in *The Monthly Gossip* of the number as "one of the most elaborate and splendid poems he has ever written." It is long and it is evidently by Mr. Swinburne—full of his alliterations, his vagueness, his resplendent verbiage cloaking and almost hiding his poverty of thought, his stereotyped yoked pairs of monosyllabic adjectives that seem to serve as crutches for the lameness of his nouns, his dilettante paganism, his frothy Papaphobia, his familiar apotheosis of Italy, but otherwise it is not extraordinary. Indeed it seems to have suffered from that paralysis wherewith magazine atmosphere seems always to affect the muse, and of which the Laureate is the latest and the saddest victim, and is only interesting as suggesting the near approach of that turning point in his career which must naturally come when a growing intellect asserts its sway over a vivid but ill-regulated imagination. For though all the characteristics we have mentioned are to be found in *Siena*, they are not nearly so rampant as formerly; the tone of the poem is more subdued, and the inevitable blasphemy is insinuated rather than boldly declared. The stanzas which we quote are about the best, and will give a good idea of the style of the poem:

"Inside this northern summer's fold  
The fields are full of naked gold,  
Broadcast from heaven on lands it loves;  
The green-veiled air is full of doves;  
Soft leaves, that sift the sunbeams, let  
Light on the small warm grasses wet,  
Fall in short, broken kisses sweet,  
And break again like waves that beat  
Round the sun's feet.

"But I for all this English mirth  
Of golden-shod and dancing days,  
And the old green-girt sweet-hearted earth,  
Desire, what here no spells can raise,  
Far hence, with holier heavens above,  
The lovely city of my love  
Bathes deep in the sun's satiate air;  
That flows round no fair thing more fair,  
Her beauty bare.

"There the utter sky is holier, there  
More pure the intense white height of air,  
More clear men's eyes that mine would meet,  
And the sweet springs of things more sweet.  
There, for this one warm note of doves,  
A clamor of a thousand loves  
Strains the night's ear, the day's assails,  
From the tempestuous nightingales,  
And fills and fails."

"Let there be light, O Italy!  
For our feet falter in the night.  
O lamp of living years to be!  
O light of God, let there be light!  
Fill with a love, keener than flame,  
Men sealed in spirit with thy name,  
The cities and the Roman skies,  
Where men, with other than man's eyes,  
Saw thy sun rise.

"For theirs thou wast, and thine were they  
Whose names outshine thy very day;  
For they are thine, and theirs thou art,  
Whose blood beats living in man's heart,  
Remembering ages fled and dead,  
Wherein for thy sake these men bled—  
They that saw Trebia, they that see  
Mentana, they in years to be  
That shall see thee.

"For thine are all of us, and ours  
Thou; till the seasons bring to birth  
A perfect people, and all the powers  
Be with them that bear fruit on earth;  
Till the inner heart of man be one  
With freedom and the sovereign sun;  
And Time, in likeness of a guide,  
Lead the Republic as a bride  
Up to God's side."

A pleasant essay on *Popular Novels*, by Mr. James N. Barnes, while in the main judicious in its criticism, and especially in respect to Thackeray, does less than justice to Mr. Dickens. *The Home of Robert Burns*, by Gen. J. Grant Wilson, and the short memorial of *Major Noah*, by Mr. Samuel

Lockwood, furnish agreeable reading, though the latter is a little too newspaperly in style. In an essay on *American Culture* Dr. Hartshorne indiscreetly challenges comparison with Mr. Matthew Arnold. The stories are as good as the run of magazine stories. *The Monthly Gossip* is varied and lively, the book notices fair, and the poetry of the sort that boarding-school young ladies are accustomed to designate as "sweetly pretty."

*The Galaxy* achieves respectable mediocrity. The absence of anything positively good is redeemed by the presence of nothing absolutely bad. The best of its articles is probably that on *Grasses and Wild Flowers*, by H. Malan; the most amusing, Mr. J. W. De Forest's *Forced Marches*. Mr. Henry James, Jr., displays his dexterity by telling a rather stupid story, called, for some inconceivable reason, *The Problem*, in a way to delude most readers into the belief that it is really sprightly; and Miss Anne M. Crane tells a very stupid story about her *Note Book* in—well, in a different way from Mr. Henry James, Jr.'s. Mr. Mayne Reid, with many paragraphic contortions and much epileptic syntax, contrives to give, in several languages, all of which he seems to understand equally ill, his impressions of *Jarocho Life*; and Mr. J. M. Gray does the Porte Crayon business, minus the sketches and the liveliness, à propos of *A Trip to the Wyandotte Cave*. For the rest, *Stephen Lawrence* ends happily and virtuously, and *Beechdale* drags its slow length through two more chapters. *The Galaxy Miscellany* is again the most readable part of the magazine, though not up to the mark of last number. The best things in it are Mr. Wilson's *Faux Pas of the Press*, and Mr. Dodge's *London Docks*. *Driftwood* shows improvement, the little essay on *Churches and Amusement* being especially sensible and just. In the department of *Literature and Art*, Mr. Eugene Benson favors us with his opinion of Mrs. Annie Edwards and her novel of *Archie Lovell*, a trifle too complimentary, but on the whole not unjust, taking occasion, by the way, to display his admirable and perfect incomprehension of Thackeray's genius and writings. Mr. Richard Grant White's criticism is, of course, thoroughly good; Mr. Conant touches lightly and mercifully on the Exhibition at the Academy of Design; and *Nébula* is excellent from beginning to end. The illustrations partake of the general mildness of the number. Mr. Winslow Homer's, accompanying *Beechdale*, seems to us about the best; it is hard to say which is the worst, though Mr. Hennessy's sketch deserves honorable mention for the skill with which the artist avoids the slightest expression of character and the remotest approach to originality. To the poetry we extend the charity of silence.

*The Art Journal*, as usual, has, beside numerous excellent wood-cuts, two steel plates that are worth more than its cost, and in the letter-press but few articles of much interest to most readers. An exception to this is Mr. G. F. Teniswood's illustrated *Memorials of Flaxman*, now in its sixth part, and still to be continued. The remainder, save some descriptions of new processes and other art notes, and the illustrated catalogue of the Paris exhibition, is chiefly of local value. Of the large plates, the "Falstaff and his Friends," of Mr. C. R. Leslie, R.A., is especially admirable; it does not appear to represent any particular scene in the *Merry Wives*, but there, seated or grouped about a table, though not in all cases as suggestive as might be in expression, are Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, sweet Anne Page, Sir John Falstaff, Sir Hugh Evans, Mr. Page, Justice Shallow, Slender, Bardolph, Pistol, Simple, Nym, and Mr. Ford, the whole well worth framing, or binding up in any edition of *Shakespeare* large enough to receive it. The other plate is from Mr. Arthur Clint's "Sunset—St. Heliers, Jersey," and is, perhaps, as satisfactory as possible a reproduction in black and white of what must have depended largely for its effect upon the color of the long rays upon the castle, crags, and shingly coast.

*The Catholic World* for June is particularly good, though it has more than the usual amount of purely religious matter. But theology in this magazine is often made entertaining. Others than Catholics will be interested in the spirited sketch of *Edmund Campion*, the English Jesuit, who suffered for the faith under good Queen Bess, and whose life, by Mr. Richard Simpson, furnishes the text for one of the most readable articles in the present number. Campion was a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford; and a curious parallel is drawn between his position and that of the modern Tractarians. A short paper on *The Catholic Sunday-School Union* gives a more detailed account of the use which our Roman Catholic brethren are making of the weapon which, according to Mr. Parton, they have borrowed from the Protestant armory. The remarks about the characters of Sunday-school teachers are judicious and instructive, without regard to creed. The only purely literary essay in the number is a very good one on *Cooper, Keble, Wordsworth, or "Quietist" Poetry and its Influence on Society*, though in his comparison of Keble with Dr. Newman the writer seems to us to rate the former too high. *The Episcopalian Confessional* is discussed in a temperate article, which ritualists might find profitable reading. There is in this number more than the usual proportion of translations from the French, but showing, we are bound to add, more than the usual skill in selection. Such papers as the one on *The Flight of Spiders from Etudes Religieuses*, by fathers of the Society of Jesus, are rare in our magazine literature, and not more rare than delightful. Admirers, too, of Eugénie de Guérin will take pleasure in the sketch of her Italian counterpart, Rosa Ferrucci, whose letters

here given breathe the same admirable purity and elevation of character, with much of the extraordinary genius, which have made famous that obscure Bretan château at La Chenaye. Making all allowance for the enthusiasm of her biographer, the Abbé H. Perreyve, the spectacle of a life so radiant with all lofty aspirations, so beautiful with all good deeds, so altogether lovely, deals a bitterer reproof to the vanity and frivolity of modern womanhood than any in *The Saturday Review*. Where are our Eugénie de Guérins and Rosa Ferruccis? or are they only the product of a political and religious system which we are fond of regarding as the most corrupt in Christendom? Two reviews, a good one on Humboldt's *Mexico*, and an indifferent as well as a stale one of Miss Emmeline Lott's *Harem Life*, and an exceptionally clever and pathetic story, called *Bound with Paul*, make up the prose contents of a capital number. The poetry is no worse than usual.

*Harper's* for any one month is pretty much what it is for any other. Not that that is at all censurable, but merely that we find the usual illustrated papers of travel or war adventure—one of them, this time, an interesting tour *Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia*, by Mr. Squier; the scientific subject popularly treated—Professor Loomis on *Shooting Stars, Detonating Meteors, and Aerolites*; the serial—Mrs. Craik's *Woman's Kingdom*; and the usual variety—or similarity—of love stories and sketches interspersed with little poems, all of at least respectable merit. Then come the stated departments at the end, which are perplexing. *The Monthly Record of Current Events*, for instance, is never read, we fancy, by any one except the compiler or proof-reader until it is some years old, when it acquires a value to which we can ourselves attest. Then are the *Easy Chair* and the *Drawer*, the clientage of either of which, one would think, must regard the other with aversion. However, with the Messrs. Harper, no doubt, as with Mrs. Micawber's papa, "experientia does it," and the diversity of styles probably carries the magazine into such a number of distinct strata of intellectual formations as none of its contemporaries manage to penetrate. Anyhow, the *Easy Chair*—although this month it has, sandwiched between a graceful tribute to Mr. Dickens and a neat exposure of the popular congressional silliness and vulgarity in the matter of Mr. Adams's court-dress, a rather unpleasant mingling of rebuke of Puritan narrowness and of sympathy with the nauseous but still more prevalent religious sansculottism that has been disporting itself in the disgraceful Tyng business; to the great glorification of that ecclesiastical demagogue—the *Easy Chair*, we say, is made up of such delightful writing as it has been impossible to turn to regularly in any magazine, home or foreign, since the pen dropped that indited the *Roundabout Papers*. Had it nothing but the *Easy Chair*, instead of having something else that every member of a household from the grandsire to the school-girl or the Biddy must find of engrossing interest, one must regard *Harper's* as indispensable.

*Putnam's Magazine* for June contains some articles entirely worthy of its reputation and some to which that high praise will scarcely apply. Mr. Duyckinck's second paper on *Out-of-the-way Books and Authors* is on the author of *Zeluco*, Dr. John Moore, who had also the perhaps more distinguished honor of being father to the hero of *Corinna*. The paper is gentlemanly, therefore of course unpretentious, is written with the polish of a scholar, and is very pleasant reading. We suggest, as attractive numbers of this series, William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, Thomas Hope, the author of *Anastasis*, William Godwin, the author of *The Political Enquirer*, and his daughter, Mrs. Shelley, the author of *Frankenstein*. The story called *Too True* exhibits talent, but drags a little of late and lacks "go." The writers of *Foul Play* may be quacks to a certain extent, but their tact and invention in ending the instalments of their serials are studies in their way and worth remembering. Mr. Bayard Taylor's poem called *Fidelia* is noticeable for its badness; and we acknowledge at once that our recollections of a recent novel prevented our reading *Peter Blossom and Martha go to a Party*. Professor De Vere has an article about quicksilver which is rather heavy reading, but is of course instructive and all that. *A Morning among Autographs*, by Mr. William Young, is a paper of the sort that always helps such a magazine as *Putnam's*; that is to say, it is the personal reminiscence of a well-bred man and a practised writer upon a subject intrinsically interesting. Miss Kimball's verses are dreadfully boarding-school-missish, and what Mrs. Dall is trying to prove we utterly fail even to conceive. She says: "God has surely laid the foundations of womanly influence deeper than the malversations of man;" a proposition whose lucidity typifies her whole article. We always read Mr. De Forest's Southern recollections with interest, and only regret that so fair and intelligent an observer was so much restricted, through the nature of his duties, to observation of the very lowest classes of the South only. Mr. John Neal makes a manly and kindly effort to draw attention to the merits of a young American poet whom he thinks neglected, and who we agree with him in thinking is capable of better work than he has yet produced. *A Fair Face* is a sketch drawn with a freer hand and filled in with a less provincial touch than are exhibited by most of our lady writers of minor fiction. The instalment from Mr. Cooper's diary would be reckoned excessively commonplace and flat if it were not Mr. Cooper's; as it is, everybody will, we suppose, like ourselves read it with avidity. *The Blue and the Gray* is a hospital sketch about two soldiers, one Federal, the other Confeder-



ate, who have given each other mortal wounds and who are brought in and placed in the same ward side by side. The Federal soldier is the most noble, chivalrous, tender, and altogether beautiful soul that ever was; and the Confederate soldier is the most hardened, selfish, cruel, and detestable villain that ever drew breath. Their physical attributes correspond with their moral ones—the Unionist having a face and figure "singularly attractive," with a mouth "grave and sweet" and grey eyes in which lie an infinite patience; while the rebel is "a tall, sallow man, with fierce black eyes, wild hair and beard, and a thin-lipped, cruel mouth." The writer casts about to find the most atrocious and repulsive crime that by possibility can be imputed to this fascinating figure, and concludes to make him poison his neighbor, the Federal soldier, although the latter is dying already. The Confederate is in the habit of carrying poison about with him in his campaigns for the purpose of conveniently availing of opportunities like the present, so he empties a potion in the other's water-mug and goes comfortably to sleep to await the event. But Miss Mercy, a hospital nurse, whose name is hit off with great felicity, happens to see the performance, and, rightly thinking it a work of supererogation, she takes the poison away to the doctor for an analysis and puts fresh, harmless water in its place. Whereupon, the Union soldier wakes up, drinks the harmless water, and dies all the same, and then the rebel soldier wakes up too, and is quite charmed with the supposed result of his little operation. Afterwards he likewise approaches his end, is in a dismal state of remorse, is told by Miss Mercy that he didn't poison the Federal after all, becomes ecstatic, leaves a fortune to the Federal's sweetheart, and dies happy. All this highly ingenious, novel, probable, and unconventional machinery is brought into play for an allegorical or typical purpose, the two soldiers representing their respective sections and causes; the lofty magnanimity, chivalric sweetness, and forgiving tenderness of the Northern people, army, and government being thus effectively contrasted with the treacherous cunning, implacable cruelty, and murderous instincts of their Southern prototypes. We suppose this sort of thing is presumed to serve some useful end which through some moral or intellectual obliquity we are unable to see. The articles called *France*, and *A New Yorker in Japan*, are good and useful in matter and tolerable in point of style; and Mr. Gould's remarks about churches embody some valuable suggestions in the usual diction of one of the best of our prose writers. The biography of Mr. Schuyler Colfax is execrably written, in the worst possible taste, and we wonder what could have induced the editor to print it. It is to be hoped that Mr. Nast does Mr. Colfax injustice, for he makes him in his sketch rather more like a gorilla than he made Mr. Beecher or Mr. Greeley, which is saying a good deal. The expression is a gem of its kind, and reminds one forcibly of that of the Boomerang in Punch's serial of *Chikkin Hazard*. The shorter matters at the end of the magazine are written in a level, unobjectionable strain, without aiming at or attaining any particular force. One of these, however, sets the unusual example of criticising adversely a book with the imprint of the publisher of the magazine; an instance of fidelity to the public which we feel bound cordially to applaud. The book reviews lack distinctiveness or individuality, and the notice of Mrs. Kemble which concludes the reading matter is suspiciously hypercritical.

*Hours at Home* opens with a thoughtful and well-considered paper, by Mr. John D. Sherwood, on *Stockholders—Their Rights and Wrongs*. Starting with the thesis that "the stockholder is the central power in our national enterprises and material prosperity," he unfolds some of the outrages to which he is subjected by unscrupulous or incompetent directors, and suggests, as remedies, reduction in the number of directors, "so as to concentrate and fix responsibility;" selection with reference to fitness, "a proportion of the board" to be "required to possess some practical acquaintance with the principles of the sciences entering into, and some experience in the routine of the operations of, the company;" denial "of power to issue bonds or create new stock" or to consolidate; and constant vigilance and energetic interference on the part of stockholders themselves. The article is ably written, and may furnish some useful hints to the large class whose interests it concerns. Mr. James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," contributes a very amusing and characteristic sketch of *Pawnbrokers in London*; and there are two rather commonplace papers, by Rev. W. L. Gage, on *Expeditions to the North Pole*, and by Prof. E. A. Lawrence, about *Paul on Mars Hill*, redeemed, however, by an interesting account from the German of *A Chat with the Austrian Premier*, Baron Von Beust, who is described as "a tall, slender gentleman, of distinguished and imposing appearance, and about fifty years old. His features are most intellectual, and generally lit up with a faint, diplomatic smile, which, when it becomes more pronounced and radiant, is truly charming and irresistible. . . . His eyes, though covered with their lids more than they used to be, are as bright and piercing as ever. His forehead is magnificent—high, broad, and full. His finely chiselled mouth is often quivering slightly with the sardonic expression so peculiar to men of intense nervous activity, engaged in an incessant struggle with formidable obstacles and difficulties." According to the writer, Von Beust is opposed to the idea of German unity, and his reasons seem to be just: "Large states of a pronounced military character are not very favorable to the development of political liberty. Look toward the East and West, and you will see that I am right. Increased tax-

ation, extraordinary military burdens, and constant jealousies, entanglements, and prospects of foreign wars are some of the disadvantages with which the idea of German unity, as understood at this juncture, is fraught." Language like this would almost make one believe that all the political intelligence and wisdom of the world is not concentrated among the patriotic statesmen at Washington, whose provident care extends to our butcher's bills and regulates our washing lists.

Professor A. J. Curtis gives us an agreeable essay on a not very enticing subject under the caption of *Friedhof—the Court of Peace*, that being the poetic German name for a burial-ground; Dr. Spears has a fanciful anthropological analysis of *Earth's Greatest Marvel*—man, which Dr. Spears's admirers will doubtless find entertaining; and to conclude, there is an interesting sketch of Lord Brougham, by General J. Grant Wilson, which is in some respects the most satisfactory we have seen. The serials are continued, and there is considerable poetical padding of the usual quality, including a fair translation of a not very remarkable *Newly Discovered Hymn of Calvin*, which may gratify his followers. The book notices are worthless, except to the publishers and authors whose books they load with feeble and indiscriminate eulogy. Such sickening pseudo-pious balderdash as *Almost a Nun*, and *The New York Needlewoman*, is reviewed as seriously and praised as warmly as *The Life of Fredrika Bremer*, and the vulgar and illiterate *Chronique Scandaluse*, entitled *Behind the Scenes*, is endorsed and justified. Is critical independence absolutely impossible in the organ of a publishing house? The appearance of *Hours at Home* is against it, and somehow gives an impression of respectable dullness and sanctified prosiness which is often unjust. The present number is up to its average, though not equal to its best.

*The Journal of Health*, June, 1868. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.—This magazine has improved much lately, and includes some very good names among its contributors. Its aim was always most excellent, and it has doubtless done much for that unfortunately very large class of persons who do not know how to take care of themselves hygienically. The present number, among many useful articles, contains an interesting account of Elizabeth Peabody's experience in the Kindergartens of Hamburg, where the system is carried out to great perfection. The babies monopolize the lion's share of this month, both Mrs. Oakes Smith and Mrs. Horace Mann devoting much space to a subject which, of course, is of perennial interest. Mrs. Prime has taken much trouble to express in verse a statement which the philosophy of mankind had long ago crystallized into an aphorism. The usual proportion of patient answers to puerile questioners complete this most creditable number.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**ABRAHAM PAGE, ESQ.** Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—The honest record of a good man's long but uneventful life, written without any apparent motive save, perhaps, to preserve his memory in the hearts of his friends—or to give expression to feelings for which there seems to be no other vent—has an air of sincerity which will always serve to recommend it to readers who prefer truth to fiction, who desire to keep alive the remembrance of a period which has now but few living representatives, and to revive the buried thoughts and feelings of their earlier days through the medium of narratives in which they may trace some resemblance to familiar scenes within their own experience. The life of Mr. Abraham Page is that of a Southern gentleman, highly bred, honorable, courteous, and benevolent. It is marked by no stirring events, nor does it furnish even the slightest materials for history, for Mr. Page lived in peaceful times, and the great struggle between North and South only began as he was nearing the grave, when he was too old to aid the cause in the righteousness of which he firmly believed, except by giving such means as were his to command and by making his house a hospital for wounded and dying soldiers. Apart from a few remarks on the war then raging, the narrative is confined to scenes occurring in private life, and the author dwells at length on social distinctions and the characters of men and women in the immediate society to which he belongs. He has, with the feelings natural to a man who can with truth boast that he was born and bred and always lived in a high class of society, an abhorrence of money-worshippers and *parvenus*, and says:

"I can understand an aristocratic feeling arising from superior birth; for the man who derives his blood through a long line of honorable ancestors, and in whom is no mental, moral, or physical defect, has the right to regard himself entitled to a consideration superior to that bestowed upon one whose blood is muddy or tainted, however intelligent and beautiful that one may be. The chances are a thousand to one that such a man is a thorough gentleman. Even breeders of horses, cattle, and hogs act upon the known facts of hereditary qualities. But nowadays people are so spiritual and so engaged in the various branches of psychology that they forget they are animals, except in their appetites, and in regard to those the large majority are governed neither by the reason of men nor the instinct of brutes."

"But it certainly is amusing to see the you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you exclusiveness of our aristocracy of wealth—our snobs. A set of dirt-worshipping creatures, male and female, who, by luck, dishonesty, or meanness—either their own or that of their predecessors—have amassed their god into piles above the average size, instantly and that with the connivance of most of their race, set themselves up as a sacred priesthood."

"Let me not be misunderstood. It would be unbecoming to an old man, and one who hopes he has lost the wiry edge of his feelings, to have even

the appearance of a want of charity or of the strictest regard for truth. I make no sweeping charges against the rich or those who move in 'high circles.' We have had in my beloved South an aristocracy, not soon to be altogether extinguished, thank heaven! whatever may happen, which was by no means dependent upon wealth, though many of its members possessed it. When I call it an aristocracy I only follow the popular cant. It should rather be called a highest class of society. It was founded on hereditary virtue, intelligence, and refinement; and one of a vulgar family, however rich or accomplished he or she might be, had no part in it; because one swallow does not make a summer."

That Mr. Page was blessed in his acquaintance with some admirable specimens of humanity, may be seen by the just tribute he pays to the physician whom he describes so well; and that he occasionally met with those less deserving of commendation appears from his account of an individual who gloried in the name of Dagobert Q. Thomas, a Yankee who came to the South for the purpose of pursuing some profession or of making a rich marriage, and in the interim took charge of the school at which Abraham was placed. This worthy seems to have divided his time between teaching school and paying court to a Miss Lucy Perkins, the daughter of a rich planter, whom he had a fair chance to ensnare until there was a camp-meeting in the neighborhood:

"Mr. Thomas attended it regularly, always near about Miss Lucy; and he visited the altar and took his seat upon the mourner's bench with her and others two or three times, and seemed to take so great an interest in her salvation—and, poor girl, she was deeply affected!—and in securing his own, that one day Father Steele asked him to lead in prayer. I venture to say that a more beautiful and affecting prayer never was heard on that camp-ground. Miss Lucy was kneeling near him, and her presence, and the 'Amen's' and shouts of 'glory,' and groans of contrition, which greeted each sentence, seemed to inflame his memory, imagination, and devotion until one would have thought St. Chrysostom himself was speaking. He was so perfectly abstracted, however, by the strain of the purely intellectual effort he had made that he forgot himself, and where he was, and after he had pronounced his amen, he sat back on the ground and exclaimed to himself, but audibly, in a triumphant tone: 'Pretty tolerably d—d well, for the first time!'"

This unlucky occurrence was succeeded by a conflict with the boys which ended in the flight of Dagobert from the town. As an illustration of the state of society in the youthful days of Mr. Page he gives an account of a misunderstanding which took place among some gentlemen at a dinner-party, and a description of the duel which ensued; to those who have witnessed similar scenes the whole story will seem very natural. The most pleasing portion of the book is that which he devotes to the narrative of his domestic life and the days he passed with his exemplary and much-loved wife and child. The book is interspersed with severe strictures upon "snobs" and the "gentleman made so by universal equality," and so called in default of one more deserving the name, of whom he says:

"His is an ill-assured, shop-keeping gentility; an envious, contentious gentility; a discourteous, impertinent, assumptuous gentility, which must result from the confused order of social position caused by the attempt to establish a factitious system of equality in defiance of nature."

The following quotation we make from the last chapter of the book, to show how strong was the faith of the South in the justice of her cause and in the integrity of the leader to whom the writer pays so high a tribute:

"May God prolong and even intensify the present trouble rather than deliver us into the worse war! The present trouble may end in peace, but the principles which war against us can only bring on continuing misery and renewed war, to end in destruction and a new creation."

"I have perfect faith in the justice of our cause, and great confidence in most of those we have constituted our leaders. With the great man upon whom we have imposed the task of finding and organizing strength for our weakness, and accomplishing by all means our desires, I have a profound sympathy. No man has ever before borne such a responsibility against such odds; and yet I have a firm belief that if we be true to ourselves, and the agents he selects be faithful, he shall, by God's help, and without a thought for his own personal aggrandizement, bring us through the effort a free and prosperous people. I believe that he loves more than he loves himself the people who have, of their own accord, imposed the burden of their troubles upon him, and that he has the honest and firm conviction that strict constitutional government is the only safety of mankind from the evils of the selfishness of their own nature. If we succeed, he will rank the greatest of historical men in varied ability and virtue, and if we fail, and he survive the failure, his only care for his own fate shall be to preserve in it his own integrity, and illustrate by his life or death the brave and honest people who have made him their head, the class of Southern gentlemen from whom he has sprung, and the Christian fortitude he professes."

**Brakespeare: A Novel.** By the author of *Guy Livingstone*, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of *Brakespeare* has constructed a story which, in its scenery and the period of its action, reminds us of the historical school that followed upon the success of Sir Walter Scott, while its hero suggests the effect of a severe study of Monk Lewis and Lord Byron, and its moral atmosphere is of that peculiar nature which, so far, we have only met with in the pages of *Guy Livingstone* and *Sans Merci*. Ralph Brakespeare is the kind of hero whom the author especially delights to honor. Heroically godless, determinedly dismal, and loftily regardless of the ordinary rules of morality, he stalks along the dreary path marked out for him, sustained by a Lara-like scorn for everybody; wrapt in an impenetrable mantle of reserve that can be thrust aside by fair hands alone. Son of a father who is a perfectly marvellous combination of weak and strong vices, he leaves his home, accompanied by one trusty follower, to carve his fortune with his sword. Taking service with one of those English mercenaries who followed the fortunes of the Edwards in France, he fights hard to little purpose, and, though brave, reverses the experience of young Lochinvar, fails to win the love of his wife, and, finally, dies willingly, fighting against odds such as "Ouida" or Captain Lawrence alone can imagine. The scenes wherein he disports himself by performing herculean feats to rescue injured maidens are vivid and picturesque, but yet they seem to us like too many



similar scenes in many similar novels of historic tendencies. In truth, the taste for such pictures of the life of the middle ages is past. Novels of society, which bring before us men and women with whom we can sympathize, or whom we can at least compare with our own experiences, appeal more strongly to a generation educated by a school of poetry in which motive is paramount to action. Even the novels of Sir Walter Scott, full of a wonderful life and reality as they are, find now few readers but the very young and the old; those who know but little of life and those who are tired of analyzing it. From the author of *Guy Livingstone* we should have better work than such a return to the taste of a past generation, only enlivened by a tone of morality which is peculiar to the present. The chapter which is marked by any individuality is one which we should have thought the author might have been led by good taste to reconsider. Any reader must be offended by a picture which is rendered forcible by disregard of decency, is presumed attractive by its nakedness, and has no claim to originality but that of audacity. Artists may display with impunity that which is sanctified by its beauty, but coarseness with pencil or pen is, of course, simply indefensible.

*A New Manual of the Elements of Astronomy.* By Henry Kiddle, A.M., Assistant-Superintendent of Schools, New York. New York: Ivison, Plimney, Blakeman & Co. 1868.—The author of an astronomical text-book is obliged to keep carefully in view the mathematical ability of the class of pupils for whom he writes. The science may be popularly treated so as to suit those who desire to read the subject, but who either cannot or will not read mathematical formulas, or it may be so presented as to require a knowledge of the highest branches of analysis. Books for school use must be constructed on a plan between these limits; most of our text-books on astronomy require a knowledge of geometry and trigonometry to comprehend them. Mr. Kiddle's book is thoroughly scientific in character, although within the comprehension of minds that can apply only rudimentary mathematics. The author treats of facts primarily, and dwells briefly upon phenomena—the general plan with English text-books. The illustrations are abundant, many of them are new, and the typography is good.

*A Popular Treatise on Bronchitis.* By Robert Hunter, M.D. New York: James Miller. 1868.—Remembering the experience of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, we must pass this book without expressing an opinion which, if sincere, would be likely to occasion us unnecessary annoyance.

הַמְּדִינָה, הַמְּדִינָה, הַמְּדִינָה. *The American Hebrew Primer.* An easy Method of teaching Hebrew in twelve lessons. Carefully and practically arranged by L. Aufrecht. Cincinnati: Block & Co.—The *American Hebrew Primer* is an attempt in the right direction. It consists of twelve easy lessons in Hebrew, after the manner of German and English primers. The author says, in his queer Jewish-Germanico-American English: "I have arranged this primer in order to enable children to require (acquire, he undoubtedly means) a knowledge of the Hebrew with as good facilities as are offered by the methods now generally observed in teaching the aforementioned languages." The lessons are arranged in regular progression from the simplest words to the more complex, and include only words, not unmeaning combinations of letters. The print is clear and good, and the work well calculated to answer the end proposed. But it is a pity that no man could be found to correct the author's English, or read the proof-sheets properly. There is a strange propensity in the letters generally to usurp one another's place, to stand on their heads, and commit other indecorous freaks, for which they sadly need correction. The author's imperfect knowledge of English, or his devotion to Jewish-German, or perhaps both combined, has led him to give some strange "American" representatives of Hebrew vowels; e. g., Seghol (:) he sounds "as a in fat, Ex. גֶּשְׁח, gesh," where he evidently pronounces "fat" as if written "fet." Moreover, he pronounces Kametz -like o in go, etc. But these may be peculiarities of modern Hebrew, which the primer is intended to teach, and with which, we are sorry to say, we are not familiar. We are sure, however, that the teachers of biblical Hebrew might profitably adopt this method. And we commend to the tract societies and various boards of publication, who try their hands at school-books with doggerel and stupid prayers appended, the beautiful and simple, yet majestic, Hebrew prayers appended to this primer.

*An Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul that is devoutly Affected toward Him; wherein are contained certain divine inspirations teaching a man to know himself, and instructing him in the perfection of true piety.* Written in Latin by the devout servant of Christ, Joannes Lauspergius, a Charterhouse Monk, and translated into English by Lord Philip, nineteenth Earl of Arundel. (Reprinted from the edition of 1610.) Dedicated, by permission, to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, etc.—It is to the Roman Catholic Church that we owe most of our treatises on contemplative piety that are of value. The Catholic Publication Society of this city (126 Nassau Street) has done a favor to pious people of every name, and to the literary guild as well, by reprinting Lauspergius's *Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul that is devoutly Affected toward Him*. This is a reprint of the third edition of this translation, now very rare. Those at all familiar with bib-

liography will be glad to see it, and especially to see how neatly it is printed on tinted paper, etc. But the book has been issued rather as an aid to meditation and the development of a style of piety for which the incessant bustle of this age allows little opportunity. The work is well designed to this end. It evinces an insight into the secret operations of the heart and an appropriateness of suggestion which must be effective if followed. Of course, it is definitely Roman Catholic, and so would doubtless offend Protestant prejudices. We could wish that in modernizing the spelling more care had been taken to correct obvious misprints also: "with" for "whit" (p. 26), "shew" for "shun" (p. 64), the double negative (on page 52, line 5), etc., might as well have been altered.

*The Pupils of St. John the Divine.* By the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Macmillan & Co., Publishers.—The *Pupils of St. John the Divine* is the insufficient title of a charming book. It is the first of a "Sunday Library for Household Reading," about to be published by Macmillan & Co., London. The titles of fourteen of the volumes are announced, with the names of their authors. They can hardly fail to be very popular, and must be very useful in imparting a knowledge of important scenes in the history of the Church and of the men who have made the Church what it is. This knowledge has been before accessible only to scholars, and hardly to them, being treasured up in so many old tomes in so many old languages. The style of this book is charming. Those who have read MacDuff's or Knox's fascinating epitomes of Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul* will be glad to learn that this work is just as pleasant and profitable as those. It gives us John's position and influence in the early Church as well as that of Polycarp, Irenæus, Papias, Ignatius, etc., etc. The book is distinctively, though not offensively, Anglican in its churchly views. We shall hope, nevertheless, that it may go far to supplant the deluge of inane trash and cant with which it is the fashion nowadays to inundate the children and youth of pious parents.

*David, the King of Israel: a Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms.* By Frederick William Krummacher, D.D., author of *Elijah the Tishbite*, etc. Translated under the express sanction of the author by the Rev. M. G. Easton, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.—Krummacher's *David, the King of Israel*, will find a hearty welcome in many a pious household in this land. His *Elijah the Tishbite* has already endeared him to many hearts who will be glad to have his help to the better appreciation of the warlike, pious king. Our own views may differ from those of the author, but his orthodoxy and piety, as well as his poetic beauty of conception, are unquestioned. We commend the work to the pious, and only regret that the portrait is so poor a picture of so good and great a man.

*Where is the City? Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.*—Israel Knight goes among nine different denominations (not including Roman Catholics or Presbyterians) in search of the true City of God; and comes to the conclusion that they all have their defects and excellences, and that he will henceforth seek to be "a disciple of Christ," and "love all men though they love him not," and be a "brother" to all "true workers for the good of their fellow-men." To which we suppose that each one of the denominations would say, that this is well enough as far as it goes. The spirit of the book is good, and rather indefinite. Some of the sketches of scenes and sermons are very fairly done.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Discipline, and other Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Pp. 312. 1868.  
Essays, Political and Miscellaneous. By Bernard Cracroft, M.A. Trin. Col. Camb. Vol. I, pp. xvi, 322; Vol. II, xiv, 320. 1868.  
Old Deccan Days; or, Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India. Collected by M. Frere. With an Introduction and Notes by Sir Bartle Frere. Pp. 345. 1868.  
Ernest Maltravers; or, The Eleusinia. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Complete in One Volume. Pp. xvi, 316. 1868.  
MOOREHEAD, SIMPSON & BOND, New York.—Travels, by Sea and Land, of Alekthieras. Pp. viii, 381. 1868.  
OAKLEY & MASON, New York.—January and June. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Pp. ix, 280. 1868.  
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—The First Book of the Law. By Joel Prentiss Bishop. Pp. xi, 608.  
SHELDON & Co., New York.—Self-Made; or, Living for those we Love. By Mrs. E. A. Welty. Pp. 280. 1868.  
Sermons. By Rev. Newman Hall. Pp. 309. 1868.  
ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston. Pp. 354. 1868.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Doubly False. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Pp. 556.  
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Beaumarchais: An Historical Novel. By A. E. Brachvogel. Translated from the German by Therese J. Radford. Illustrated. Pp. 295. 1868.  
The Works of Charles Dickens. Illustrated. Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, Barnaby Rudge, and Sketches by Boz. Pp. 326, 257, 194. 1868.

## PAMPHLETS.

- DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—Cromwell: A Tragedy in Five Acts.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—The Great Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. Pp. 290.  
Peveril of the Peak. By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 184.  
A House to Let. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 90.  
We have received the Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures.  
We have also received current numbers of The Old Guard, Packard's Monthly, Denorest's Young America, Herald of Health, The Eclectic Magazine—New York; The Broadway—London and New York; The Month—London and Baltimore; The Atlantic Monthly, Every Saturday, The Nursery—Boston; The Humboldt Medical Archives—St. Louis; Yale Literary Magazine—New Haven; Morgan's British Trade Journal—London; The Printers' Circular—Philadelphia; The Home Monthly—Nashville, Tenn.

## TABLE-TALK.

RAILWAY travel is so utterly comfortless and detestable that every step toward the amelioration of the condition of passengers is a thing to be welcomed and acknowledged in terms that shall encourage companies to carry out the further reforms that are needed. One such step has just been taken in a quarter where we have hitherto been used to find little regard for the public comfort—the Camden and Amboy Railroad has adopted the system of issuing checks along with the ticket, entitling the holder to a particular seat, as at a theatre. The miseries which this plan may be made to cure have been endless. Hitherto on this road, and in a less degree on most others, only those who took the train at its starting-point, and long before the time of departure, had any certainty of securing seats. For passengers who entered at stations along the line there was a strong probability that they would find none at all; while even when there were vacancies they were sure to be half-seats, so that parties of fellow-travellers had to scatter through one or more cars, and it was frequently necessary to leave ladies or children at a distance from their protectors and sharing the seat with most unsuitable companions. Moreover, it was impossible to leave your seat for any cause without involving a dispute as to its ownership on your return, and the spectacle was frequently presented of vulgar ruffians—male and female, in purple and fine linen as well as in rags—monopolizing two or more seats while unaggressive persons stood. But this plan has, among others, the decided drawback of fixing one in a position that may be surrounded by the most unrepresentable and offensive neighbors, such as annoy a careful of decent folk yet are never dislodged or quieted by conductors. This matter of enforced bodily propinquity and natural and inalienable rights ought to be better understood and provided for—as it can be, so far as we can see, by but one method, the division of cars into compartments in which parties can buy immunity from outrage. However, that the Camden and Amboy road should do anything calculated to promote anybody's comfort is to be regarded as good out of Nazareth. Their extortions and inselence have survived the dangerous single track and filthy, worn-out vehicles which prevailed for many years until the prospect of congressional interference forced the abandonment of their parsimonious policy. Still, however, their cars are by no means what they should be. On one of their afternoon lines to Philadelphia, for instance, for many years the only provision for smokers has been a moiety of the same ancient and dilapidated car, foul and unventilated, so ingeniously constructed, moreover, that of the score of persons to whom its capacity is limited not less than half are forced to ride backwards, so that out of the hundred or more candidates for seats who present themselves not less than four score retreat in dismay and disgust. Popular sentiment has been demonstrated to be entirely inadequate in this country to correct the sins of corporations against either the safety or the health and comfort of their patrons, and it is really about time that adequate legislation should be had on the subject.

ENGLISH comments upon American politics are always read with interest in this country, particularly when they come from journalists who have made a special study of our affairs. They are not, perhaps, read so much with a view to instruction—although that is often to be obtained from them—as from curiosity to see what intelligent and cultivated observers of our own race, looking at us from without, may be moved to say. Mistakes are frequently made by these observers, and that, of course, gratifies us in proportion to the average culture and sincerity of the blunderer. *The Spectator* of May 9 announces the conviction of President Johnson as "certain, of course,"—an example in point. *The Saturday Review* repeatedly insists upon the certainty of the election to the Presidency of General Grant; we may possibly, in November, be able to make it the same reply which we now forbear in the case of *The Spectator*.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SON announce two important foreign books—the Countess Guiccioli's *Byron* and the *Posthumous Papers of Talleyrand*, which it was very recently announced were not yet to see the light.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS. also have in preparation a translation of the former work, under the title of *Lord Byron Judged by the Evidence of his own Life*.

MR. CARLETON's recent African tour is to afford the materials for another amusing volume similar to *Our Artist in Cuba* and in *Peru*. This will be called *Our Artist in Algiers*, and is now in the engravers' hands. Messrs. Carleton & Co. will also soon publish Mad. George Sand's novel, *Mademoiselle Merquem*, which we have mentioned before; and Mrs. Sara Parton's—Fanny Fern's—*Folly as It Flies*.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & Co. will publish early next month *The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus*, four discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany, by Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, first Preacher to the Court, translated from the third German edition, by Charles E. Grinnell. In the first of the discourses is considered Renan's *Life of Jesus*; in the second, Schenkel's *Character of Jesus Portrayed* and Strauss's *Life of Jesus*; the third treats of the Gospels; and the fourth of miracles. The book is described as an able exposition of the historical proof of Christianity.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. announce an important series of works, which are to constitute a select theological and philosophical library, free from any sectarian



bias, and composed of compact manuals, designed especially for clergymen and students of theology, upon all the essential topics in the department of theology, and upon some of the main branches of philosophy. Works extending to several volumes, we are informed, will be excluded; and of the series some will be translated from the German and other languages; others will be based upon the treatises of various authors; some will be written by English or American scholars, the aim being to furnish at least one standard work on each distinct subject of theology and philosophy, with the exception of such histories and commentaries as extend through many volumes. Several of the volumes are already in hand, and the editorship has been placed in the thoroughly competent hands of Dr. Henry B. Smith and Dr. Philip Schaff; who will be assisted by eminent scholars of various denominations and especially qualified for the treatment of the special subjects assigned them.

ENGLISH school endowments seem to have brought things to a very pretty pass. From the recent reports on middle-class schools *The Academia*—a literary journal lately established in London, which teachers in this country would find hardly less valuable to them than to teachers abroad—deduces the fact that the masters of endowed grammar schools have, or claim to have, a freehold tenure in their offices, and many of them seem to think that, when once appointed, their only duty is to draw their salaries. One head master told the assistant commissioners that it was not worth his while to push the school, as the endowment of about £200 a year and a small private income that he had were enough for him to live upon. Another master, satisfied with his endowment income, fixed the boarders' fees at a prohibitory rate, and made the dining-room into a coach-house, and the large dormitory into a billiard-room. At a school with an income of £792 the head master taught only three pupils, and the under master only attended when he chose. At another school the head master's whole work was to teach Greek to one boy. Mention is made of a school with two masters and one scholar; but a lately deceased master had held his office and drawn his income for thirty-odd years, and had never had a pupil at all.

BISHOP COLENSO has found his translation into Zulu of the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* so highly appreciated that he is now going on to complete the work.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., his many American admirers will regret to learn, has been so seriously ill that his physicians enjoin perfect rest from work for some time.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING, it is said, has nearly completed an epic on an Italian subject which will be the longest poem in the English language.

M. FEYDEAU, the author of *Fanny* and the *Countess de Chasles*, is engaged upon a new novel to be entitled *Les Amours Tragiques*, which, in pursuance of his scheme for delineating all orders of Parisian society, depicts the lower-middle classes.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query where it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(56)—Pray can you tell me whether Mr. H. Greeley, of *The New York Tribune*, was formerly connected as editor with a weekly literary paper? If so, please state why, when, and where; the name of the paper, its ultimate destiny, and any other facts you can think of in relation to it.

Your staunch friend and subscriber,

N. K. P.

Mr. Horace Greeley started a weekly—described by himself and others in the terms used by our correspondent—called *The New Yorker* in or about 1834. Why he did so we are not informed. Mr. Henry J. Raymond was a leading contributor, but the journal failed. Mr. Greeley has since taken the greatest interest in all publications of a similar character, frequently going out of his way to aid them, and always saying a kind word in their behalf in his paper whenever occasion has served. Recognizing the importance to national progress of literary journals of a respectable character, the circumstance that, through no demerits of his own, he failed thirty years ago to establish one, has only inspired Mr. Greeley's generous soul with an ardent desire to see others successfully occupy the niche he once aspired vainly to fill.

(57)—A writer in the June number of *Putnam's Magazine* praises *Salome* in a style that may be gratifying to the author of that dramatic poem, though to other people the praise may seem somewhat overstrained. The writer makes this quotation from the author:

"I saw, above the distant serried foe,  
The gleam of armor, as the light of flames,  
Rising o'er dimmest night and chaos black.  
Then arrows fell like storms of blazing stars,  
And glowing spears like blazing comets rushed,  
And flashing swords fell like red meteors."

and he remarks: "The last line is one of the very few imperfect lines to be found in the whole poem. It might be much improved by making it still more imperfect, so far as the length is concerned, and saying,

"And flashing swords like meteors fell."

I suppose the critic means that the line is "imperfect" by reason of a deficiency of syllables; but, in order to make good his criticism, he must assume that *meteor* has but two syllables; and I would like to know his authority for that assumption? I do not see how his proposed alteration makes the line any better.

The critic says, further, that he cites the above-quoted passage, among others, "to show what Mr. Heywood is capable of, as a dramatist and a poet." I can see nothing in that passage that indicates the author's qualifications in either capacity. As poetry it is both stilted and turgid; and not only does it show no dramatic power, but I do not see how such power could be shown in a merely descriptive speech of six lines. G.

NEW YORK, May 15.

(58)—I have seen in a late English journal the assertion, made apparently with gravity, that we have been wrong all these years about the Prince of Wales's motto, "*Ich Dien*—I serve." What Edward III. really said when he offered his son to the homage of the Welsh chieftains at Carnarvon, so this story goes, was "*Eich Dyn*—This is your man." Can I learn through you whether either or both the phrases have the meanings attributed to them? R. Y.

NEW YORK, May 13.

(59)—Is there any English translation of *De Civitate Dei*? Δ

(60)—I am desirous of acquiring a little practical familiarity with the rites, usages, and working system of the Jewish Church. Where can I find some account of it a little broader than an encyclopædia article? FORT DEPOSIT, GA., April 8, 1868. K. K.

(61)—Is *Old Grimes* in print, and if so where can it be found?

UNION MILLS, MD., May 21, 1868. S. A. F.  
The difficulty, we imagine, would be to find any school reader without it. Since the recent death of Judge Green, its author, it has also "gone the round" of the newspapers, but we cannot at this moment name any of the books or journals containing it.

(35)—"O's" enquiry about an English translation of the *Talmud* has not, I believe, been answered, except by an ingenious mystification in an unsigned note. Nor can I assist him further than by saying that I learn the Harpers published, some years ago, a volume of selections from it. I write merely to enclose this clipping from *The Occident*, of this city:

"MODERN EDITIONS OF THE TALMUD.—Our Amsterdam correspondent informs us that 80,000 copies of the Babylonian *Talmud* have been printed in Poland within the last four years, and nearly as many copies during the same period in Vienna." PHILADELPHIA, May 11.

(46)—If "L. K." will examine the forty-third and forty-fourth lines in the eighth Eclogue of his favorite poet, he will find that the shepherd (Damon) declares his acquaintance with Love—"Nunc scio quid sit amor"—and also asserts that he (Love) was brought forth upon the hard rocks. I think that there can be no doubt that this is the passage referred to by Dr. Johnson. T. B. F.

McMINNVILLE, Tenn., April 20, 1868.

(48)—To the list of squibs in imitation of Byron may be added the following:—*Don Juan*—Cantos XVII.—XVIII.—by Isaac Starr Clason, which was published in New York in 1825. As I have not seen the list of Mr. Ralph Thomas mentioned by "R. Y." in *The Round Table* of May 2, the above may be included therein, in which case excuse, etc.

(50)—S. Aureli Augustini Hipponensis Episcopi de Civitate Dei Libri XXII. Tomus Primus continet lib. I.—XIII., pp. 430. Tomus Secundus continet lib. XIV.—XXII., pp. 439. Bound in one vol. post 8vo. Lipsiæ, Sumtibus et Typis Caroli Tachnitii. 1825.  
A copy was purchased eight years ago for \$2. Δ

(55)—"A. W." will find a number of the late Fitz-James O'Brien's sketches in verse and prose in *Harper's Magazine*, Vols. XX. to XXV., inclusive, also in Vol. XXVIII. Also an unfinished poem, entitled *Watching the Stag*, in the July, 1862, number of *The Continental Monthly*, published by J. R. Gilmore in 1862 and since discontinued. Where can I find *The Mystery*? Yours truly, J. C. D. B.  
HUDSON, N. Y., May 13.

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DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
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## THE WEEK.

In this busy community it constantly happens that a clever newspaper article goes unread by thousands because they have "no time" to peruse it on its appearance, or because it is not in the journal they habitually buy. It also constantly happens that interesting articles on American topics, which appear in *The London Times*, *Saturday Review*, and other English publications, escape observation for similar reasons. THE WEEK is intended to remedy this condition of things. It will supply, on firm white paper, in capital type, the very choicest articles, paragraphs, bits of spicy intelligence, odds and ends of religious, dramatic, musical, and art gossip from the leading journals of the WHOLE WORLD, as fast as received from week to week. Only eight cents a copy.



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*Hartford Courant.*

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